

Timber Wolf

It can now be stated definitely that the varment which has been killing sheep by wholesale on Elk is a timber wolf. On Monday about forty men and a big pack of dogs went hunting for the varment on Middle Mountain. They routed him out and he struck out for Gauley Mountain. Howard Beale was waiting at the place the varmint had crossed Elk River in former chases. The animal came in full view of Mr Beale and he took three or four shots at it with a shot gun at long range. He drew blood but failed to knock it down. It went back to Middle Mountain and the dogs were not able to route it out again.

This wolf is a big able animal. with a bushy tail, curled at the end. It is gray in color, and looks as though it might weigh as much as a hundred pounds.

The question now is where this wolf came from. The last timber wolf in this region was killed by Stopher Hamrick forty years ago.

For over a year the wolf has been raiding the sheep flocks on Big Spring and Dry Branch of Elk. More than two hundred head of sheep has it killed. The last kill was on Saturday night out of L. D. Sharp's flock on the railroad near Slaty Fork.



100
40 yrs. ago
200 sheep

- Pocahontas

YANY

to the
here. I would like
in Green
fall. Harper M. here I thought you
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Pocahontas Chapter 3

Timber Wolf

It can now be stated definitely that the varmint which has been killing sheep by wholesale on Elk is a timber wolf. On Monday about forty men and a big pack of dogs went hunting for the varmint on Middle Mountain. They scented him out and shot at him out for Gauley Mountain. Howard Beale was waiting in the place the varmint had crossed the River in former chases. The animal came in full view of Mr. Beale and he took three or four shots at it with a shot gun at long range. He drove him but failed to knock it down. It went back to Middle Mountain and the dogs were not able to route it out again.

This wolf is a big slim animal with a bushy tail, curled at the end. It is gray in color, and looks as though it might weigh as much as a hundred pounds.

The question now is where this wolf came from. The last timber wolf in this region was killed by Shepherd Hamrick forty years ago.

For over a year the wolf has been raiding the sheep flocks on Big Spring and Dry Branch of Elk. More than two hundred head of sheep has been killed. The last kill was on Saturday night out of L. D. Shore's flock on the railroad near Elzy Fork.

40-40-20
200 shot

- Pocahontas Times

2/15/40

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Pocahontas
Chapter 3

Pack Wolf

It can now be stated definitely that the varmint which has been biting sheep by wholesale on Elk is a timber wolf. On Monday about forty men and a big pack of dogs went hunting for the varmint on Middle Mountain. They scouted him out and shot him out for Gauley Mountain. Howard Beale was waiting in the place the varmint had crossed the River to former chases. The animal came to full view of Mr. Beale and he took three or four shots at it with a shot gun of long range. The dog bit but failed to knock it down. It went back to Middle Mountain and the dogs were not able to scout it out again.

This wolf is a big size animal with a bushy tail, curled at the end. It is gray in color, and looks as though it might weigh as much as a hundred pounds.

The question now is where this wolf came from. The last timber wolf in this region was killed by Stephen Hamrick forty years ago.

For over a year the wolf has been raiding the sheep flocks on Big Spring and Dry Branch of Elk. More than two hundred head of sheep has been killed. The last kill was on Saturday night out of L. D. Sharr's flock on the railroad near Slaty Fork.

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200 lbs

- Pocahontas Times
2/15/40

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Pocahontas Chapter 3

WOLVES IN WEST VIRGINIA?

More credence would be placed in those tall stories of ferocious stock killing animals which are alleged to frequent mountain recesses of West Virginia, if they were seen and not heard about.

Periodically come stories of a panther or pack of them of them molesting stock in some remote part of the State. The only evidence that such a creature still roams our wilds is a track resembling the pad of a panther. Pretty flimsy identification, but the evidence becomes conclusive after the imagination works on it for a few days.

The most recent yarn of this sort comes from Pocahontas county where it is reported that a pack of wolves is roaming the ranges in Slaty Fork and Mingo Knob slaughtering sheep and deer.

There is doubt if a wolf has been in this part of the country since the Civil War. In the first place there never were many of them this far south and those that did infest West Virginia's mountains were quickly exterminated with the development of the State far in the last century, or moved north where they belonged.

It is great Mumba Tumba Malcolm Brice who thus in his Wheeling Register speaks words of doubt to quell apprehension of lowlanders that their brethren of the scattered hill tribes of the upper reaches of the Monongahela, Greenbrier, Elk James, Potomac and Gauley are once again exposed to ravages of wild and ferocious beasts of prey. As chief head hunter of the unwashed tribes of the northern panhandle he sits in his attic among the naked hills beside the now turbid flow of the once beautiful Ohio, the very air poisoned by the world fumes of factory smoke, he would dismiss with a rattle of his typewriter the possibility of such varments as wolves and panthers again infesting the secluded environs of the more favored portions of this fair State of West Virginia. Would that he were a good fairy to wave a wand to rid these woods of the fierce predators which are devastating farm flocks and depopulating the wild deer herds; or a robed like unto the good Patrick when he banished forever frogs and snakes from the old sod which is Ireland. Now are we that the thinking of the great Mumba Tumba to go more land than the now muddy flow of the once beautiful river, as arid as the now polluted water, and as hazy as the smoky atmosphere of his over populated area. In the face of all the evidence I have been able to produce, short of the actual hide and scalp of the creature in these mountainous of the prowling panthers and of the roaming wolves, to be not like the owl at Athens, flying abroad in the full glory of the moon day and night, and crying where is it?

Is M T denying the scripture saying that out of the mouths of two is truth established? For I can give off hand the names of a score of good men and true who have seen in recent years with their own eyes panthers in these endless mountains, by themselves and with others. Can not his smoke tanned senses not give consideration to the testimony of the five members of the official board of the Pocahontas County Farm Loan Association, as they, in the presence of each other, saw a great tawney, two hundred pound mountain lion break from cover as the official board, in their official duty of making appraisal upon a grazing farm in the pleasant vale of the Little Laurel or Williams River, came upon the verment unawares?

What about testimony by three young scientists from the Biological Survey, taking census of the animal life of the Monongahela National Forest? They came upon the paws of a great cat in a mud hole on Middle Mountain at the head of the Greenbrier. Being equipped for such finds they found plaster of paris in the tracks. The casts were submitted to the savants in the captain's office at Washington, than whom none are savanter. These in their wisdom and experience pronounced the casts to be the preserved tracks of a mountain lion. Will B T in all his billiousness say them nay, you are mistaken?

As for the gray timber wolves they again present a source of trouble to our people, regardless of doubt expressed by humptious agnostics. Just last month across the imaginary line which divides the two states on the crest of the Alleghenies in the adjoining county of Bath a big wolf was killed, and his carcass positively identified by scientists as that of a gray timber wolf. Up in Preston county a wolf was killed on Stony River, and Dr A. M. Reese is now negotiating for the hide as an exhibit in his museum of natural history at the university. On Red Creek, in Tucker county, there is a whole pack. On Shavers Mountain in Pocahontas and Randolph counties, there is another pack of wolves. Their incursions on the deer herds are so heavy, the tracks of small deer are seldom seen in the Great Wilderness country.

Over on the Middle Mountain of Elk and the Mingo Knob there are three wolves. The big one, an old she, was seen by a half dozen good men; she has been shot at on two separate occasions and her kill of sheep has averaged five a week for a year. Once she attacked a two year old heifer and bit her neck badly before being run off by the big cattle.

Belittling our traditions of the wolf packs of these mountains makes me peevish. Our unwritten literature dealt much with the number and fierceness of wolves. Men yet in the prime of life remember as children the necessity of penning the sheep near the house each night. The man Stopher Hamrick, who shot the last wolf here forty years ago, is still with us. A prominent citizen well remembers the fuss made over him by the family when his father shot at a wolf as it looked over a log at the boy

asleep on a pile of leaves. The father is still with us and able to hunt.

We have always maintained the gray wolves of this mountain region were bigger and fiercer than the common run of wolves in this latitude. Our elevation gives us a Canadian climate, and the deer herds furnish plenty for them to grow big on.

Not much was ever said about it, but it was intimated that during the four years of the war between the States, the wolves acquired a taste for human flesh. Many a man was murdered in the woods through the practice of the neighborly art of bushwhacking. Any way I have personal knowledge of a few men and boys attacked by wolves along in the 1880's, and others who got up trees in time.

For the information of the lowlander I will say that strychnine broke the rule of the wolves in these mountains along in the 1870's. There was a remnant, educated against poison and snare. When deer became scarce the wolves disappeared. They may have moved north where they belong.

Anyway, the wolves are back, and it was a sorry day when they returned. Where they have come from it is not possible to guess, but the report persists that a pack crossed on the ice from Canada into Pennsylvania the winter of of 1938. I heard of two wolves being killed in Elk county Pennsylvania, last year.

Pocahontas
Times

4/4/40

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Pocahontas
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Pacabontae

Chapter 3

Timber Wolf Killed in Bath County

From the Roanoke (Va.) Times

A gray timber wolf which has been killing sheep in Bath county for two years fell dead before two high-powered rifle bullets high up in the mountains 10 miles north of Warm Springs, Thursday and its carcass to be mounted for a wealthy sportsman, attracted wide attention in Salem.

There is an interesting story behind the killing of this beautiful but blood thirsty creature which, according to William Hite, Bath county game warden, must have killed over 100 sheep and many deer.

Seventeen hunters, Bath county farmers, set out Thursday morning under Hite to track down the wolf. Snow covered the ground and the animal could be tracked easily. The party found the carcasses of 13 deer which the wolf had killed, two or three of them just a few days previous.

"One of these deer must have been killed within 40 steps after it was attacked by the wolf," Hite relates. "It was the most destructive animal I have ever had in my county." He has been game warden 17 years.

The party went up near a valley in Back Creek Mountain where the wolf was known to stay. Five of the men with dogs started through the valley to drive out the wolf, the others scattered around the territory to lay wait for him.

Suddenly the dogs took up the wolf's trail. A few minutes later he was routed and one of the party, Francis Liptrap shot him under the jaw with a high-powered rifle.

Still the wolf fought on. He was chased two miles before he came up on one of the stilled men, C. C. Hedges, who finally killed the animal with a bullet through the body just behind the shoulder.

The game warden gives credit to two things in killing the wolf since several previous attempts had failed. It even got so bad that the farmers were going out whenever they had a few hours to spare looking for him.

One, dogs were used for the first time. Second, as the game warden kidded, a \$25 bounty was placed on the killer.

The wolf, described by the game warden as a "gray timber wolf, attracted considerable attention as it lay on the sidewalk in front of the Hotel Fort Lewis in Salem. The game warden, who came to Salem to confer with a forestry service supervisor, brought it with him.

He says that the \$25 bounty is to be divided among the men. The wolf was bought from the party by Kenneth E. Ellis, Hot Springs. The game warden said that he plans to take it by a Covington taxidermist on his way home.

The wolf was known throughout the countryside as "Old Lobo," a name pinned on him by the game warden, because the killer had one of the characteristics of the Lobo wolf, a species that lives and hunts alone.

Long before the wolf was ever spotted the game warden said that he was confident that it was a wolf and not a dog. He explains that when a wolf kills it takes the lungs, liver and heart. When a dog kills it eats the meat back of the shoulder.

- Marbleton Journal

2/22/40

Feb-40

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- Martins Journal

2/22/40

Feb-40

BOTANY

Down on the Greenbrier in Greenbrier County last fall, Harper M. Smith came across some bushes full of soft shell nuts about the size of Gilbert's. New to him, we sent specimens over to Dr. Earle L. Core, of the Department and Zoology, at the University. He writes back they are buffalo nuts, *Pyralia pubera*. I will write a paragraph on this buffalo nut, or Elk nut, or oil nut, or rabbit wood soon, unless Dr. Core will consent to do it.

Over at Anthony's Creek some seasons ago a citizen killed a wild duck. In it he found a grain of "duck wheat." He planted it, and the season of 1939 he had a good crop. Some seed was brought to this printing office, and I sent it in to Dr. Core for identification. He writes back he is not so far able to give any information beyond the statement the seeds belong to some plant in the buckwheat family. No plants being available this time of year, he is raising some; he will be able to tell us before long. They are already showing above the ground.

Some months back, I published a letter from Dr. Core, in which he told of a visit to these mountains a century ago of Dr. Asa Gray, the tall one more in botany. He reported finding the yellow gentian on Knapp's Creek. It had not since been reported from here and Dr. Core wanted a specimen. Dr. Ben Roller, of White Sulphur Springs, saw the place, and was reminded he had seen yellow gentian in Greenbrier County; so he sent in a specimen.

Dr. Core continues: Thanks a lot for the editorial on the University. It has earned a great deal of comment around here. I enjoyed it very much; especially the last paragraph where you say the more you are thrown with college professors the more highly you regard country school teachers. I take that as a compliment, because I am a country school teacher. Since I teach botany which has to be taught in the country, I have taught in a one-room country school house; and I actually live at present in the open country twelve miles west of the University, on State 7. Doesn't that make me a country school teacher?

So sorry you were unable to get up to the herbarium while you were here. I would liked to have shown you around. Since you didn't get here I thought you might like a few notes concerning our activities. The herbarium was founded as a service to the people of the State so as to make comparisons in identification of materials sent in and for the collection of information regarding the plants of the State. We now have 60,000 specimens filed away here, representing virtually all the fungi, lichens, mosses, liverworts, ferns, and seed plants found in West Virginia, and, of course, many specimens of some of them. In addition, we have a specimen of almost every plant found in the range of Gray's Manual, the northeastern part of the United States; a large collection made by Dr. Small in the southeastern states, and listed in his big manual of that region; and the most common of the plants of the western states and Canada.

I am teaching Dendrology in our new Forestry Division and the Herbarium has been fortunate in having been designated as one of the 15 in the country to receive a complete set of specimens representing all the forest trees in the United States, the sets being prepared and distributed by the New York State College of Forestry. They are of great value in our Forestry work.

I must tell you about our publications. You already know about Castanea. In exchange for this periodical we receive about 100 botanical journals from all over the world. We are also publishing a series called "Contributions from the Herbarium of West Virginia University." Fifteen numbers in this series have been published or are in preparation. One of them, on the botanical exploration of West Virginia, I thought might prove of interest to you and so I am sending a copy of it under separate cover.

Best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Sincerely,

Earl.

I must say to Dr. Core, I am no hand to find joy in visiting my own feeble jests. However, in the cause of science I will expose the weak comment on the college professors since it now appears to be somewhat involved. The key verse is that bit of scriptural truth, "By their fruits you shall know them." Nearly all the college professors of my acquaintance are country bred and the product of country schools, where taste for culture was instilled from and cultivated by country teachers. This interpretation and explanation ought to be with a mental grasp of even a college professor, as high compliment to the professor and his product.

Delighted I am over world recognition of the botanical publications of the University. I am reminded of the much ado over nothing in the legislature a few years ago, wherein our head school got its usual smear of adverse publicity. The asking for buying technical publications was a sum about five times as large as the big northern university spent for this purpose. Some smarties found this out and how they did romp around on it until explained the big school had publications to exchange the world over for the books and papers our University had to buy, if obtained. The facts of the situation never overtook the widespread intimation of things not being on the level up at Morgantown.

At the same time and place, there was the mixup over the the one by one grape sticks for the experimental farm. The asking was for red wood, at a cost higher than the local market on oak or chestnut sticks. What a tempest raged in the capitol over this until it was explained this was a part of a nation wide demonstration carried on by land grant colleges to ascertain the relative values of different woods for grape sticks for the information of grape growers.

The moral to all this is that it behooves every mother's son of us to inform ourselves about our University, so we can inform others. We have the old thing; we can't get rid of it and so we will have to make the most of it, to serve better the interests of our state and humanity in general.

Dear Mr. Price:

When we read your Field Notes, I recalled an incident, which coincides with your reference to bears killing coons. Heretofore we have refrained from disclosing our experience to anyone because it did seem far fetched.

In 1933 we were hunting near the head of Mill Creek in Randolph County when we were stopped suddenly by a strange noise. After a careful investigation we discovered a bear under a large beech tree. We stood still in order to ascertain the source of the noise, whereupon we saw another bear up in the tree shaking a limb and on the limb was a full grown coon. The coon was making quite a fuss which had been the noise attracting our attention. The bear finally shook the coon off the limb and as he hit the ground the other bear made a desperate effort to catch him but failed. The only thing we could figure it was a trick formulated by the two bears for catching coons.

We were unsuccessful in getting either bear since we were so amazed by the sight we had seen.

Two of Your Readers

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I must tell you about our publications. You already know about Castanea. In exchange for this periodical we receive about 100 botanical journals from all over the world. We are also publishing a series called "Contributions from the Herbarium of West Virginia University." Fifteen numbers in this series have been published or are in preparation. One of them, on the botanical exploration of West Virginia, I thought might prove of interest to you and so I am sending a copy of it under separate cover.

Best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Sincerely,

Earl.

I must say to Dr. Core, I am no hand to find joy in visiting my own feeble jests. However, in the cause of science I will expose the weak comment on the college professors since I now appears to be somewhat involved. The key verse is that bit of scriptural truth, "By their fruits you shall know them." Nearly all the college professors of my acquaintance are country bred and the product of country schools, where taste for culture was instilled from and cultivated by country teachers. This interpretation and explanation ought to be within mental grasp of even a college professor, as high compliment to the producer and his product.

Delighted I am over world recognition of the botanical publications of the University. I am reminded of the much ado over nothing in the legislature a few years ago, wherein our head school got its usual smear of adverse publicity. The asking for buying technical publications was a sum about five times as large as the big northern university spent for this purpose. Some smarties found this out and how they did romp around on it until explained the big school had publications to exchange the world over for the books and papers our University had to buy, if obtained. The facts of the situation never overtook the widespread intimation of things not being on the level up at Morgantown.

At the same time and place, there was the mixup over the one by one grape sticks for the experimental farm. The asking was for red wood, at a cost higher than the local market on oak or chestnut sticks. What a tempest raged in the capitol over this until it was explained this was a part of a nation wide demonstration carried on by land grant colleges to ascertain the relative values of different woods for grape sticks for the information of grape growers.

The moral to all this is that it behooves every mother's son of us to inform ourselves about our University, so we can inform others. We have the old thing; we can't get rid of it and so we will have to make the most of it, to serve better the interests of our state and humanity in general.

Dear Mr. Price:

When we read your Field Notes, I recalled an incident, which coincides with your reference to bears killing coons. Heretofore we have refrained from disclosing our experience to any one because it did seem far fetched.

In 1933 we were hunting near the head of Mill Creek in Randolph County when we were stopped suddenly by a strange noise. After a careful investigation we discovered a bear under a large beech tree. We stood still in order to ascertain the source of the noise, whereupon we saw another bear up in the tree shaking a limb and on the limb was a full grown coon. The coon was making quite a fuss which had been the noise attracting our attention. The bear finally shook the coon off the limb and as he hit the ground the other bear made a desperate effort to catch him but failed. The only thing we could figure it was a trick formulated by the two bears for catching coons.

We were unsuccessful in getting either bear since we were so amazed by the sight we had seen.

Two of Your Readers.

Pocahontas

Chapter 3

Clark Wooddell shot and killed the wild dog, coyote or what it is which has been denning up under a hay stack on Judge Sharp's farm near Hillsboro. On last Wednesday Will Clutter brought the carcass to town, and Marvin Wimer has the skin to soak, preparatory to mounting it. For some time the animal has been known to keep in the Levels; dozens of shots have been taken at it, and dogs have run it out of the country. The color was a dark brindle, with a bushy tail; weight about 30 pounds. It was a male and about seven or eight years old. The neck was remarkably thick and strong for so small an animal; head and jaws heavy; muzzle gray from age. Lacking the erect ears and pointed nose of the coyote, I put the varment down as a dog which went wild. Mr Wooddell tells me the animal looked much more like a dog when it was dead than when it was alive.

Speaking about wild dogs, Uncle B's Gibson was over from Elk last Wednesday, and he told me about a wild dog his grandfather, the late David Gibson tamed seventy or eighty years ago. This wild dog was found to be denning up under a hay stack. Snares were set, and the wild dog was caught. For some time the animal remained aloof from all advances, but it finally responded to kindness and through the influence of the other dogs. The wild dog was a female and showed gray hound blood to a marked degree. She proved the best of hunters and was a bear-dog without a peer. She would chase a bear without giving voice and was a natural heeler. She would nip a bear until he could stand the punishment, no longer and must turn and fight his tormentor. Then she would stand aside until the bear made off again, and then she was nipping his heels again.

Talking about bears, one powerful big old bear is wandering the winter through on the Alleghenies around the head of Meadow Creek. One day last week Ira King and others gave him an all day chase in the snow. Evidently being chased by dogs was no new thing for this bear, for it was a running fight all day long. He would neither go up a tree nor stand and fight long enough for the men to come up. Mr King and their experienced bear hunters say this bear leaves the biggest track they have ever seen.

Pocahontas

Times

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Possible

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10 Jan - 9

Facobarata

Chapter 3

FIELD NOTES

On last Wednesday morning June Mann and other workers on a log skidder on Middle Mountain of Elk got a good look at a big wolf. The varment was seen near the log pile and only moved off when June called to other members of the crew to see what he was looking at. He tells me the wolf looked like a German pointer dog, only taller, longer and more slender. The tail was bushy and a big white streak extended over its back. The wolf looked big enough to weigh eighty or more pounds. For a year or more a wolf or rather wolves have been killing sheep on the head branches of the Elk.

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James A. Sharp, from Jericho road, was in Saturday afternoon, and told me about trailing a wolf in Buckley Mountain some fifty odd years ago. A big wolf had killed a sheep for the late Andrew McLaughlin. The neighborhood combined in the hunt, and the wolf whipped out the hounds. The hunt was quit at dark on a ridge over looking the town. Word was sent to Mr. Sharp to bring his hounds the next morning. He took the trail of the wolf at daylight and followed it all day in Buckley Mountain. Late in the day the wolf crossed Knappa Creek, near Mt. View Cemetery. That night it killed a sheep at Mt. View Orchard on Marlino Mountain. The next day the Thorny Creek people put dogs on the trail for an all day chase. That night the wolf killed a sheep for Anna Willey. Poison was put in the carcass and the next night the wolf came back to his kill. It was his last meal, for he died in the fence a few yards away.

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THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

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CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1940

The census of 1840 gave Pocahontas county a population of 2922. Of these 2703 were white and 219 colored. The returns on the 1940 census are not by me as I write, but the total is around 14,000; about five fold increase in a century, with the ratio between the races remaining about the same.

In 1840 there were in Pocahontas County 7,000 head of cattle, 10,000 sheep and 5,000 hogs, according to the census.

According to the assessor's returns for 1940, there were in Pocahontas county on January 1, cattle, 10,964; sheep, 29,549; and hogs, 3101.

For further comparison, I happen to know the assessor's returns for the year 1918—cattle, 11,446; sheep, 28,159; swine 4,446.

There is something alarming in the figures for the two years, 1840 and 1940, when you take in consideration that the future of this Pocahontas county rests upon the production of livestock. A century ago, three thousand people had seven thousand head of cattle; now fourteen thousand people have eleven thousand cattle. We have made a little progress in sheep. The increase here has been three fold as compared with five fold for people.

One reason the sparsely settled county of Pocahontas had such large herds and flocks a century ago may be in the history of the western range. Then the great plains supported millions of heads of buffalo, and there was no competition with the east in the production of livestock. No property interest was represented in the buffalo and they fell before the hands of the hunters. The range was left for cattle. Economists have pointed out time and again that if the vast herds of buffalo had been preserved there would have been no competition in the west. Where a head of buffalo traveled up and down the strip of country, there was no pasture of grass. These animals were a natural pest. Variation was the rule. The buffalo was the pest of the country.

The extinction of the buffalo in Pocahontas county was the first step in the development of the west. The buffalo was the pest of the country. The extinction of the buffalo was the first step in the development of the west. The buffalo was the pest of the country. The extinction of the buffalo was the first step in the development of the west.

In the east cattle were raised by the sweat of the brow, on high cost and high taxed land. In the west, with the buffalo gone, there was hardly end to possibilities of the number of wild cattle. There would be two roundups a year. In the spring to brand the calves; in the fall to cut out beef cattle for market. It is no wonder the east was forced out of the cattle business when came the competition of the boundless west.

As example of what is possible in wild cattle take the treeless plains of South America. In the 1550's a bull and seven cows were brought from Spain. From these sprang the millions and millions of wild cattle of the South American pampas. Except for the buffalo, the same condition would have prevailed in North America. There never was a time when the wild cattle of South America did not yield readily to domestication. For many generations they were hunted for their hides alone, as was the buffalo of the north. However, whenever it was considered worth while to corral wild cattle, it was found that in a short time they become accustomed to the control of man.

Australia and New Zealand had the same experience with range cattle. It is small wonder that beef from the west and the south and down under made the eastern cattle raiser live hard. But this eastern American is a thrifty soul. Those who stayed at home depended upon a diversity of crops, and the others went west to engage in the cattle business.

Back in the 1870's, Editor Horace Greeley uttered some careless words which became a slogan: "Go west young man, grow up with the country." Millions acted upon his advice and when they went they went to stay, the result is a rich and populous west. The conditions in the west are more nearly approaching those in the east each year and so the handicap under which the eastern cattle man has labored for three generations is growing lighter.

When the waves of buffalo receded from the western plains, the steer advanced. Soon they had replaced the buffalo. Then the Pocahontas county stockman found himself up against it. He could not even turn to the production of butter and cheese, as the cattlemen of New York and other states did. In those days nothing could be marketed from Pocahontas which could not walk out on its own feet to the rail head. The way out in these blue grass valleys was found, by taking care a domesticated animal could be raised that commanded a far better price than the range cattle of the west. They set about to improve the breed. The export cattle were produced which brought a living for the days extended.

Let me here interline the remark that about a quarter of a century back changes began to come about in the economic scheme of world affairs, and the demand for big export cattle declined and went out. It marked decline in the quality of our cattle, so carefully and laboriously brought up to such high standard of excellence in the two generations following the war between the states.

In Tuckahoe Virginia, where the winters are mild, there persisted the practice of raising unimproved cattle. The penny royal bull of the old days was a term of reproach in grazing countries, and referred to the class of cattle found in the flat lands of Eastern Virginia. Another term I have

have not heard in years was a four old yearling, meaning a steer four years of age and the size of a yearling. Another illustration of the cheap cattle of the lowlands was that a steer was so small that he could be salted in his horns.

The existence of low grade Tuckahoe cattle was a constant menace to the breeders of the mountain valleys of the Shenandoah, Greenbrier, Potomac and Tygart. The pennyroyal bull became much dreaded and feared. Cattle seemed to be peculiar among animals in that they breed true to the sire and not to the dam. So it can be seen the aversion to the penny royal bull was well founded. The passes of the mountains were well watched to keep him on his side of the divide. A bunch of snowy steers could be driven to the grass in the highlands without causing concern. If there were bulls and heifers in the bunch, the close watch was kept on the herds, so the interlopers could be worked out of the country by moral suasion and other lawful means.

The English custom was firmly fixed here—that of seeing families with one cow or more, who made no pretention to herds, were given opportunity to raise purebred stock.

The four year old export steer was the sacred ox in these mountains; held sacred to the purpose for which he was created; and went to the large city market for beef. So far as I know, there never was a standard four year old steer butchered and eaten in Pocahontas county. Tradition has it, a peculiar man in Greenbrier county, deciding that the best was as good as any, butchered a couple of export steers for the home market. He like to have ruined his business, for his customers ever after demanded the kind of beef he furnished while these export steers lasted.

Pocahontas - 7

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In 1840 there were in Pocahontas County 7,000 head of cattle, 10,000 sheep and 5,000 hogs, according to the census.

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One reason the sparsely settled county of Pecos had such large herds and flocks a century ago may be in the history of the western range. Then the great plains supported millions of heads of buffalo, and there was no competition with the east in the production of livestock. No foreign interest was represented in the buffalo, and they fell before the hands of the Indian hunters. The range was left for cattle. Economists have pointed out time and again that if the vast herds of buffalo had been preserved there would have been no reason for the west. Where a few hundred Indians traveled up and down a strip of country, there could now have been a great city of millions. Civilization was the limit.

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died in Pinalon
of the east
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quality of our cattle. The big de-
mand is for stocker cattle—calves,
yearlings, and two year olds, to be
fed out for beef in corn raising
counties. A lot of milk stock has
been brought in. Every housewife
demands one or more Jerseys,
Hertons or Guernseys at the
milk gap for home supply and
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Dairies have come to supply town peo-
ple with their daily milk. In most
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trim hips which denote milk stock.
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ing as a matter of course. Men have
grown to maturity who never heard
the rolisterous dely song of the old
timers, one verse of which went some-
thing like this:

They can't set me down to no three
legs'd stool.

With a painted milk bucket at knee.
What do they think I'm that kind
of a fool!

They can't make a milker of me!

By the way a painted bucket was a
wooden factory made one, bought at
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I see now I have once again started
to write something hard to stop in
associated space. To make as neat a
landing as possible, let me say that
our town has survived and prospered
during the late depression on the mil-
lion dollar annual income of Pocahon-
tas county farmers, mostly derived
from live stock. Each and every one
of us has a stake in the expansion of
livestock industry, through better
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Much can be learned from the experi-
ence of the old time stockman, who
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are the breed, care and feed
of the three, but the greatest of these
is feed.

There are to all those who follow
the track of a steer it looks like good
that the coming hour is the cattle
man's and that right soon in
the west I had in mind when I
was on the road that
the cow hand topped the hill
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One reason the sparsely settled county of Pocahontas had such large herds and flocks a century ago may be in the history of the western range. Then the great plains supported millions of heads of buffalo, and there was no competition with the east in the production of livestock. No property interest was represented in the buffalo, and they fell before the guns of the hide hunters. The range was left for cattle. Economists have pointed out time and again that if the vast herds of buffalo had been preserved there would have been no room for settlers in the west. Where a million head of buffalo traveled up or down through a strip of country the ground was bare.

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sheep and 5 000 hogs, according to the census.

According to the assessor's returns for 1940, there were in Pocahontas county on January 1, cattle, 10,964; sheep, 29,549; and hogs, 3101.

For further comparison, I happen to know the assessor's returns for the year 1918—cattle, 11,446; sheep, 28,159; swine 4 446.

There is something alarming in the figures for the two years, 1840 and 1940, when you take in consideration that the future of this Pocahontas county rests upon the production of livestock. A century ago, three thousand people had seven thousand head of cattle; now fourteen thousand people have eleven thousand cattle. We have made a little progress in sheep. The increase here has been three fold as compared with five fold for people.

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The real sufferers from the extinction of the buffalo lived in Pocahontas and similar counties of the east. They never knew what hurt them. With the buffalo gone, the raising of wild cattle came into existence. This cheap beef hit the eastern stock grower a bad blow which about put him out of business. On the range cattle matured with little more care than is given wild animals. The only owner ship recognized was that evidenced by a brand.

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As example of what is possible in wild cattle take the treeless plains of South America. In the 1550's a bull and seven cows were brought from Spain. From these sprang the millions and millions of wild cattle of the South American pampas. Except for the buffalo, the same condition would have prevailed in North America. There never was a time when the wild cattle of South America did not yield readily to domestication. For many generations they were hunted for their hides alone, as was the buffalo of the north. However, whenever it was considered worth while to corral wild cattle, it was found that in a short time they become accustomed to the control of man.

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Back in the 1870's, Editor Horace
Greeley uttered some careless words
which became a slogan: "Go west
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The result is a rich and populous west.
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Recollections - 7

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In Tuckahoe Virginia, where the winters are mild, there persisted the practice of raising unimproved cattle. The penny royal bull of the old days was a term of reproach in grazing countries, and referred to the class of cattle found in the flat lands of Eastern Virginia. Another term I have

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The existence of low grade Tuckahoe cattle was a constant menace to the breeders of the mountain valleys of the Shenandoah, Greenbrier, Potomac and Tygarts. The pennyroyal bull became much dreaded and feared. Cattle seemed to be peculiar among animals in that they breed true to the sire and not to the dam. So it can be seen the aversion to the pennyroyal bull was well founded. The passes of the mountains were well watched to keep him on his side of the divide. A bunch of snowy steers could be driven to the grass in the highlands without causing concern. If there were bulls and helpers in the bunch, the close watch was kept on the herds, so the interlopers could be worked out of the country by moral suasion and other lawful means.

The English custom was firmly fixed here—that of seeing families with one cow or

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The four year old export steer was
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he was created; and went to the large
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The last generation has seen a decided change for the worse in the quality of our cattle. The big demand is for stocker cattle—calves, yearlings, and two year olds, to be fed out for beef in corn raising counties. A lot of milk stock has been brought in. Every housewife demands one or more Jerseys, Holsteins or Guernseys at the milk gap for home supply and weekly shipments of cans of cream. Dairies have come to supply town people with their daily milk. In most every bunch of cattle can be seen the slim hips which denote milk stock. The hired man goes about the milking as a matter of course. Men have grown to maturity who never heard the bolsterous defy song of the old timers, one verse of which went some thing like this:

They can't set me down to no three
legg'd stool.

With a painted milk bucket at knee,
What, do they think I'm that kind
of a fool!

They can't make a milker of me!

By the way a painted bucket was a
wooden factory made
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By the way a painted bucket was a
wooden factory made one, bought at
the store. The term painted was
applied to differentiate between the
heavier, more lubberly bucket made
by some handy man in the communi-
ty. I have not heard the term in
years, now I come to think about in.

I see now I have once again started
to write something hard to stop in
allocated space. To make as neat a
landing as possible, let me say that
our town has survived and prospered
during the late depression on the mil-
lion dollar annual income of Pocahon-
tas county farmers, mostly derived
from livestock. Each and every one
of us has a stake in the expansion of
livestock industry, through better
breeding and better care of cattle and
sheep on these everlasting hills.
Much can be learned from the experi-
ence of the old time stockman, who
came up from disaster by producing
a better steer when the cheap beef
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landing as possible, but our town has survived and prospered during the late depression on the million dollar annual income of Pocahontas county farmers, mostly derived from livestock. Each and every one of us has a stake in the expansion of livestock industry, through better breeding and better care of cattle and sheep on these everlasting hills. Much can be learned from the experience of the old time stockman, who came up from disaster by producing a better steer when the cheap beef from wild cattle from the western plains flooded the market. What grandpa did to save his business, we can do to improve ours. Dr Wilson, up at the University Farm, says the solution of our live stock problems lies in the breed, care and feed. These three, but the greatest of these is feed.

So we say to all those who follow the track of a steer it looks like good times are coming back in the cattle business, and that right soon. In fact the text I had in mind when I started to write was the news that Cousin Cam Beard topped the Baltimore market with a couple of car loads of three year old steers, 1300 pounds and better, to net him around \$50 a hundred weight.

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Pocahontas

Chapter 4

Somewhat under duress exerted at such capable hands of authority as Miss Mabel, who is the wife, poor dear, and Doctor Jim, I made the perfectly sincere and all to the good New Year's resolution to quit so much of my running around.

To begin with, I had made a hand for a couple of days on a deer hunt. An old flat foot broke down under pressure; and an infection resulted. The blood stream got to acting up over it and they put me to bed for parts of three days with my foot in a sling. This was different from the metaphorical slings I am always putting my foot in. The orders were positive and plain: from here on I was to act my age. Being on the anxious seat, I readily assented and expected to comply.

My word being out before witnesses, it was with me the summer of self-righteous pride which precedes the fall. I declined with regret certain public appearances to break a few random remarks. Ordinarily, I would have risked a better leg than my worse one to have accepted such kind invites.

Come last Sunday afternoon; I was humped up in the chimney corner, with shoes off before the fire, a wondering in my mind if duty was not calling for the sacrifice of a pleasant six mile walk in the woods, for to check up on the birds, beasts and vermin, for a long range forecast on the snow storm the crackle of the fire sure said was brooding.

I hurry to say I am for the daily weather forecasts; their twenty-four hour predictions are to be depended upon for the short period attempted to be covered. However I want longer range forecasts myself, to consult the cut-outs in the fall as to general prospects for a hard or soft winter; then to read a go weekly for the immediate period ahead.

As I pondered to make believed to and cut out; words marked for there was satisfaction in the concealment of having been a powerful man in my life revised script. All this was just day, the telephone jangled to break about as dull as dish water and as untheatrical as the hour. It was interesting as preparations for the New York, "We the People" were old house town pageant.

Nothing over a spontaneous little town festival for the big town, cultural soon causes it to lose flavor and become a board, no matter how brilliant which advertises how so effulgent in the morning sun. It seemed a typical thing may appear when first expressed. Country editor was wanted, and something like messing up butterfly wings by too much handling, if you would be their housekeeper?

In the words of the truth in a catch my point about the sign of an old time mor. I have said before it is ever a painful I could go no further to getful duty for me, I visited my feeble children I would be on hand.

It is the little down to the little wonder what it all may be about any more, the truth would leave in a way. I am of I am and it is a knowing I could see my road out in a few minutes with both a singing.

The gentleman with the kindest intention in the world, considerately inquired if I had expense money; if not, he would wire an amount sufficient. Diagono, that old boy don't know his mountain people, to realize that if I did not have the money by me or knew where I could get it, I would have had to politely refuse the invite for very good reasons, such as being in bed with bear scratches, and quarantined for rabies.

Incidentally, the record should show that well heeled neighbors did shell out liberally on the spur of my great moment in amounts more than sufficient. I am further moved to remark the old saying is still true that we mountain people are like wild hogs in that we eat each other, but let one of us squeal, and the whole drove packs to his relief.

For seven generations my people have tracked the Seneca Trail—some time before and some time after the I did—but none of the breed ever went that long trail swinding with greater trepidation of heart. How ever, you know the old saying, no foot, no fun, so I went along determined to have a good time, regardless, but how I did dread it all. On, why should the heart of a mortal be proud!

The trip from the settlement on was just another train ride. At the hotel, there were directions to call the captain's office. Reporting there, an interview was had, in which the short and simple annals of a poor country editor were jotted down for the professional script writer to put within meets and bounds for five minutes of dialogue—no more, no less. Then appointments were made for studio rehearsals. Here your reading voice is tried out to fit radio broadcast; the script revised, added and cut out; words marked for

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Knowing to know whether I could catch the sweet train out for the big town. To turn an exhibit on the popular radio broadcast, which advertised B. balance. It seemed a typical movie editor was wanted, and would be their lucubratory.

In the words of the truth in a catch my point
 I have said before it is ever a pain-
 ful duty for me to visit my feeble

It is my little dream to the little wonder what it all may be about any more. The train would leave in a way. I wonder the boy said out in a dream with both a singing.

The gentleman with the kindest
intention in the world, considerably
inquired if I had expence money; if
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Mouthed over a spontaneous little outburst and causes it to lose flavor and live me flat as a board, no matter how so effulgent in the morning sun it may appear when first expressed. Something like dressing up butterfly wings by too much handling. If you

I have said before it is ever a painful duty for me to witness my feeble attempts to show the works to those who consider what it all may be about and

There being no part nor parcel of
 play acting in my make as there was
 no temptation to be the temperamental
 al-jester in common, everyday
 language. So like the dumb driven
 ox which I am I plodded along the
 lines told out for me. I B. my re-
 sult I had no particular desire to be
 any thing at all, for I knew that what I
 was allowed even to come back to
 the Greenbrier Valley I could never
 hope to live the better there.

To relieve some of the pressure I
 will here say I did slip through the
 spy screen and have returned to the
 house of my family. The same condi-
 tions which, packed the big theatre
 responded to the weak gag at the be-
 ginnings of a gathering of mountain peo-
 ple; there were kind encouraging
 words from the management. There
 has been a flow of fan mail even the
 people in the crowd and the
 threadbare lines I am now the star.

As an experience I would not take
 anything for it, but I do not choose
 any more. Like the old man who
 had to take a million dol-
 lars for his wife, but would hesitate
 to give a dime for another just like
 her.

My little child was a dialogue be-
 tween two editors. Exhibit Number
 One was Editor Schoenstern of the
 New York Journal American, 64th cir-
 culation, 1600 employees. Exhibit
 Number Two was your Editor of the
 Pocahontas Times, 1000 subscribers,
 3 employees. I cottoned to the city
 editor no end, he is smart and he is
 likable. What a man I could have
 made of him if I had caught him
 early enough to treat him as a
 country editor. Here his personality
 would have touched humanity across
 a light on a bushel and not under
 it.

The Confederacy was pretty well
 represented on the stage that night.
 In addition to this unrecruited
 rebel. The director, Mr. Stronach is
 one of the Virginia Cousins from
 Clark County. Miss Jane Pickens is
 a professional singer, whose head is
 as red as the clay hills of Georgia
 from whence she came. These two
 have joined the Yankees and now
 live in New York.

Then there was that son of the far
 South, Will Davis, executive secre-
 tary of the Board of Trade, city of
 Pensacola, Florida, turkey hunter and
 bound dog man. His mother was a
 professional singer. About forty
 years ago, her singing of the ever
 popular song "O Promise Me,"
 was transcribed on a victrola record.
 Not one record could be found, though
 Mr. Davis sought diligently. "We
 the People" had one for him in an
 hour after his plea had gone out over
 the air.

Another on the job that night was
 Mr. Bond, that best acting man of
 Northern, whose good looks have
 won so many times more to be seen
 with the stars in the theatre than

There was the interesting Major of
 the new army of Russia, who
 designs an military plans for Amer-
 ica these days.

Then there were Mr. and Mrs. George
 Lowrey of New York, a very recent
 marriage through marriage pro-
 perty and their engagement and
 marriage was being broadcast from
 coast to coast in the daily papers.
 They are a nice young couple and I
 am for them. I was all over the
 town during their wedding and was
 keeping I all day long short of
 to the extent of a few subscriptions
 to the Pocahontas Times.

The remaining features of the pro-
 gram was a group of boys from the
 Shavers Fork high school. They
 were bright little fellows with the
 spirit of artists. I got real pleasure
 with them. They had me from
 nervous. I was hardy a promising young
 man again. They were of that
 old-fashioned, sturdy.

*Society for
 Times
 1/13/40*

There being no part nor parcel of play setting in my make as there was an temptation to become temperamental and hysterical in manner, everyday language. So like the dumb driven ox which I am I plodded along the lines told as for me. I don't realize I had no particular desire to see through it all, for I knew that if I was allowed even to come back to the Greenbrier Valley, I could never hope to see the mountain again.

To relieve these earlier symptoms I will here say I did live through the experience and have returned to the house of my family. The men and women which packed the big barrels responded to the weak gaze at the scene to a gathering of mountain people; there were kind encouraging words from the youngsters. There has been a flow of fan mail even the home people in which I edit the threadbare lines I am on the air.

As an experience I would not take anything for it, but I do not choose any more. Like the old man who said he would not take a million dollars for his wife, but would hesitate to give a dime for another just like her.

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Then there was that son of the far South, Will Davis, executive secretary of the Board of Trade, city of Pensacola, Florida, turkey hunter and bound dog man. His mother was a professional singer. About forty years ago, her singing of the ever popular song "O Promise Me," was transcribed on a victrola record. Not one record could be found, though Mr. Davis sought diligently. "We the People" had one for him in an hour after his plea had gone out over the air.

Another on the job that night was Mr. Bond, that best racing man of Western, whose speed tracks have won so many races there is no one left with the nerve to challenge him.

There was the interesting Major of the new navy of South, who designs his military plans for America these days.

Then there were Mr. and Mrs. George Lawlor of New York, whose recent marriage through mail-order proceedings and their engagement and marriage was both heralded from coast to coast in the daily papers. They are a very young couple and I am for them. I wish they could be their own men when they go to work. Keeping I still have some more left to the extent of a post a subscription to the Pocahontas Times.

The concluding feature of the program was a group of boys from the Greenbrier who put on a show. They were bright little fellows with no trace of accent. I got real pleasure with them. Then I will say good night. I can hardly remember what has been said. They were of that last impression kind.

Pocahontas Times
1/11/40

Pack 1000 - Chapter 4

:- DIED :-

Mrs Phoebe Ellen Zickafoose Lambert was born at Cave, Pendleton County, November 13, 1862; she departed this life December 4, 1939, at her home at Greenbank, aged 77 years and 21 days. She was a daughter of the late Sampson and Sarah Simmons Zickafoose. She is survived by her half brother, Robert Mullenax, and her half sister, Mrs Pearlle Lambert, both of Cherry Grove.

On August 19, 1880, she became the wife of James B Lambert. To this union seven children were born. She is survived by her aged husband, and two children, Mrs Boyd Crigler, of Franklin and Mrs Homer Cassell, of Greenbank; also by twenty three grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

At the age of twelve years, Mrs Lambert made profession of her faith and united with the United Brethren Church, ever living the faithful, consistent life of a Christian. She was a great church worker, a teacher in the Sabbath School, ready to do everything in her power to advance The Kingdom. She was a sympathetic friend and neighbor, a loving and affectionate mother.

The funeral service was held from the Greenbank Methodist Church by Rev Quade R. Arbogast. Burial in the Arbogast Cemetery beside the graves of her son and daughter. The pall bearers were her grandsons and the flower bearers her granddaughters.

- 11 -

9/7/40

Pocahontas - Chapter 4

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9/7/40

OLD TIMES

Dear Mr. Price:

On January 5, 1888, my father, G. G. Sutton moved from his father's farm near Greenbank to what is now Mill Creek, then it was called Dog town. We left grandfather's farm early in the morning with our household goods loaded on two covered wagons. One wagon was driven by my uncle Samuel Sutton and the other by Asbury Sheets. Mother and I rode in Uncle Sam's wagon while father walked and drove two cows. The first day we got as far as Travelers Repose, and there we spent the night with Mr. Peter D. Yeager and his good wife.

In those days the East Fork of the Greenbrier was not bridged so it was necessary to ford the stream. Ice had frozen several feet from each bank of the stream, leaving a deep channel in the middle. It was necessary for the men assisted by Mr. Yeager and his son Will, to cut a channel through the shore ice so the wagons could get over. Then came Back River, or as it is now known, The West Fork of the Greenbrier, and it was much worse than the East Fork. Luck was with us, however, since B. B. Kerr and Harvey Cromer were there at a mill owned and operated by Mr. Kerr. To cross this Fork the wagons were forced to drop from two to three feet from the edge of the ice to the river bed. What a wonder they didn't upset. We managed however to negotiate the ford and start up Cheat Mountain. After traveling all day we reached Cheat Bridge and spent the night in the home of Mr. Cromer. (Right here I want to say that no one ever had a better friend than Mr. Cromer.)

Mother had walked and driven the cows for quite some distance and had frozen her feet. The next morning it was bitter cold as only it can be on Cheat Mountain. Mr. Cromer sent mother and me on to the last top by sleigh to where a Mr. Lindsay lived. Mother and Mrs. Lindsay prepared a hot dinner for the men who were driving. The wagons went on to the farm that night, making the trip in three days. Father left mother and me at his cousin, Renlok Ward, and took us down to the farm the next day. The Ward farm where we spent the night is now part of the prison farm.

In August 1889 we returned to Durbin using the same mode of travel as the covered wagons.

Neither the C. & O. or W. M. the coal and iron, as it was then known, had reached here yet. The preliminary surveys had been run for both roads were anxious to open up the coal fields.

With the coming of the construction crews the rough days began. Durbin in those days was rough and ready, but what place located in sight of better opportunities such as O'Connell's survey and two steel construction companies had been there.

I remember the construction last night

of logs to the Roncoverte Boom. Well known men of Pocahontas county were in the crew. Names such as these are familiar to the older generation. Blund Nottingham, John W. Carpenter, Sherman Sutton, Wise Gillisple, Harper Smith, Lewis Lynch and J. A. (Jimmie) Kirkpatrick. Mr. Kirkpatrick was the cook and his cookee was Roland Scott.

When the construction crew on the Coal and Iron reached what is now Brocker, my father carried the mail to the camp. On days that he could not go I carried the mail on horseback. A box was located in what is now the Lee Galford farm for one of the camps, and from there down to the river and back to Durbin following the railroad grade. N. B. Arbogast, or Uncle Polle, as he was affectionately known, was post master and I was his assistant.

Days when O'Connell and the construction camps pail off were liable to be rough and I have changed the mail while John Bell or Gratz Slavins stood guard with a Winchester.

When the C & I reached what is now West Durbin and the C & O what is now Durbin, both had their survey through what is called the Narrows just above Durbin. Both roads were anxious to lay steel through the gap and the C & O got the jump on the C & I. They rushed a crew in one Saturday night in October 1902. Sunday saw intense activity and when evening came a flat car loaded with ties stood at the end of steel. That is where the switch is located going into Pocahontas Tanning Company siding.

I have seen Durbin grow from this start to where it is today. Located on U. S. 250, the old Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike and the junction of the W. M. and C. & O. Rail Roads. Grown from two houses a post office and one small country store to an almost model town. To day we have paved streets, a water system second to none in the state, modern electric lights and power from the West Penn, a consolidated Methodist Church, movies in a modern theatre, and a graded school second to none in the county and closely crowding any in the state. No, Durbin hasn't done so badly by herself.

Give credit for our school to those men who in the past years have fought so hard for a high standard of learning. Mr. Flynn, Mr. Batson, Mr. Hedrick, Mr. McMillon and Mr. Foscover. These men, assisted by as fine a group of teachers as anywhere in the State have made our school a top ranking one.

I really started out to describe the difference in transportation between Greenbank and Mill Creek fifty years ago and today but got sidetracked and rambled around until I have given a condensed history of Durbin.

To show the difference in modes of transportation I would suggest a trip in a 1910 model car over State Route 24 and U. S. 250.

Mrs. P. F. Kades

Durbin, W. Va.

Pocahontas
Tanner
1/18/40

On January 5, 1888, my father, C. G. Sutton moved from his father's farm near Greenbank to what is now Mill Creek, then it was called Dog town. We left grandfather's farm early in the morning with our household goods loaded on two covered wagons. One wagon was driven by my uncle Samuel Sutton and the other by Asbury Sheets. Mother and I rode in Uncle Sam's wagon while father walked and drove two cows. The first day we got as far as Travelers Rest, and there we spent the night with Mr Peter D. Yeager and his good wife.

Mother had walked and driven the cows for quite some distance and had frozen her feet. The next morning it was bitter cold as only it can be on Cheat Mountain. Mr Crower sent mother and me on to the last top by sleigh to where a Mr Lindsay lived. Mother and Mrs Lindsay prepared a hot dinner for the men who were driving. The wagons went on to the farm that night, making the trip in three days. Father left mother and me at his cousins, Renlok Ward, and took us down to the farm the next day. The Ward farm where we spent the night is now part of the prison farm.

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When the construction crew on the Coal and Iron reached what is now Brocker, my father carried the mail to the camp. On days that he could not go I carried the mail on horseback. A box was located in what is now the Lee Galford farm for one of the camps, and from there down to the river and back to Durbin following the railroad grade. N. B. Arbogast, or Uncle Polle, as he was affectionately known, was post master and I was his assistant.

Days when O'Connell and the construction camps pail off were liable to be rough and I have changed the mail while John Bell or Gratz Slavins stood guard with a Winchester.

When the C & I reached what is now West Durbin and the C & O what is now Durbin, both had their survey through what is called the Narrows just above Durbin. Both roads were anxious to lay steel through the gap and the C & O got the jump on the C & I. They rushed a crew in one Saturday night, in October 1902. Sunday saw intense activity and when evening came a flat car loaded with ties stood at the end of steel. That is where the switch is located going into Pochontas Tanning Company siding.

I have seen Durbin grow from this start to., where it is today. Located on U. S 250, the old, Staunton and and Parkersburg Turnpike and the junction of the W M and C & O. Rail Roads. Grown from two houses a post office and one small country store to an almost model town. To day we have paved streets, a water system second to none in the state, modern electric lights and power from the West Penn, a consolidated Methodist Church, movies in a modern theatre, and a graded school second to none in the county and closely crowding any in the state. No, Durbin hasn't done so badly by herself.

Give credit for our school to those men who in the past years have fought so hard for a high standard of learning. Mr. Flynn, Mr. Batson, Mr. Nedrick, Mr. McMillon and Mr. Moscover. These men, assisted by as fine a group of teachers as anywhere in the State have made our school a top ranking one.

I really started out to describe the difference in transportation between Greenbank and Mill Creek fifty years ago and today but got sidetracked and rambled around until I have given a condensed history of Durham.

To show the difference in number of transportation I would suggest a trip in a 1960 model car over State Route 24 and U. S. 280.

Durbin, W. Va. Mrs. P. F. Eads.

Pacahontas
Tennessee
1/18/40

OLD TIMES

Dear Mr. Price:

On January 5, 1886, my father, C. G. Sutton moved from his father's farm near Greenbank to what is now Mill Creek. then it was called Dog town. We left grandfather's farm early in the morning with our household goods loaded on two covered wagons. One wagon was driven by my uncle Samuel Sutton and the other by Asbury Sheets. Mother and I rode in Uncle Sam's wagon while father walked and drove two cows. The first day we got as far as Travelers Repose, and there we spent the night with Mr Peter D. Yeager and his good wife.

In those days the East Fork of the Greenbrier was not bridged so it was necessary to ford the stream. Ice had frozen several feet from each bank of the stream, leaving a deep channel in the middle. It was necessary for the men assisted by Mr Yeager and his son Will, to cut a channel through the shore ice so the wagons could get over. Then came

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In August 1899 we returned to Durbin, using the same mode of traveling—covered wagons.

Neither the C. & O. or W. M., the Coal and Iron, as it was then known, had reached here yet. The preliminary surveys had been run for both roads were; anxious to open up the vast timber sections.

With the coming of the construction crews the roaring days began. Durbin in those days was rough and ready, but what place located in sight

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To show the difference in modes of transportation I would suggest a trip in a 1940 model car over State Route 25 and U. S. 250.

Durbin, W. Va.

Mrs. P. F. Eades.

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Parakeets

Chap 4

Dear Mr Price:

Several times in recent years I have read your comments on coyote in Webster and nearby. Do you know why they are there?

Thirtyfive of my forty years have been spent in Webster - have been raised there, grade and school. Later bank cashier a few years in same county. All my life during nuptial

season I have roamed the hills of Webster and adjoining counties

About the years of 1927 and 1928 The Cherry River Boom and Lumber Company had some Spaniards or half Mexicans near Tea Creek on Gauley. One of their sports was dog fighting. They also brought into Gauley coyotes to fight their dogs. It was great sport to them. I have seen them shipped by express to Camden on Gauley from Western states. Camden on Gauley was the shipping point for the Gauley River lumber woods. Some of the coyotes were turned loose at Tea Creek and others escaped in the same locality

This may not be anything new to you, but if you did not know it, then I will be glad to have informed you

Claude A. Case.

Lost Creek, W. Va.

Hunters from Bath and Alleghany Counties, Virginia, are preparing to gather at Muddy Run, near Warm Springs, on Thursday, February 1, to hunt down the wolf or coyote which has killed over one hundred head of sheep for the farmers along Jacksons River the past year. It is believed the varment is denning in the Rocky Spring Hollow.

Dennis Griffin of Clovelick caught the monster wild cat or bay lynx of the woods one day last week. It was forty five inches long from tip to tip and would weigh nearly forty pounds. It is thought the average length of a bay lynx is thirty six inches and its weight at twenty pounds. This big cat was caught in a steel trap, set near the boundary of the Shenandoah State Forest.

Years ago some prominent people in the world outside took to task my brother, the late Andrew Price; how come he persisted to live in this sparsely settled county, to hide under a bushel his bright light as an able lawyer and writer. In time he gave reply, expressing his sentiments in a really outstanding poem. I print it again, to show why we all like to live like Riley on Nameless Creek, where we are so happy and so poor:

The life I live, the life I prize
Seems tame to world-worn weary eyes;
Those frantic souls spurred on by
lust,

For power and place till all is dust;
They never know the sweet release
Among the purple hills of peace.

I know not what the years may hold,
My dreams may fade if I grow old,
But this I know, each golden year,
Makes home, and friends, and life
more dear.

Each year the heavens brighter
gleam,

Each year enhances field and stream.
Come with me to the mountain height
Bathed in a flood of morning light.

On every side the mountains stand,
Awful, indomitable, grand,

Yet through an all-wise Thesmothete
The wild flowers bloom about our feet
I know I gaze with raptured eye,
On scenes that once I idled by;

I envy not the potentate,
The rich, the mighty, high and great.
My books, my friends, my mountains
free,

Have been and are enough for me.

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Thirtyfive of my forty years have been spent in Webster - have been raised there, grade and school. Later bank cashier a few years in same county. All my life during hupdog

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About the years of 1927 and 1928 The Cherry River Boom and Lumber Company had some Spaniards or half Mexicans near Tea Creek on Gauley. One of their sports was dog fighting. They also brought into Gauley coyotes to fight their dogs. It was great sport to them. I have seen them shipped by express to Camden on Gauley from Western states. Camden on Gauley was the shipping point for the Gauley River lumber woods. Some of the coyotes were turned loose at Tea Creek and others escaped in the same locality.

This may not be anything new to you, but if you did not know it, then I will be glad to have informed you.

Claude A. Case.

Lost Creek, W. Va.

Hunters from Bath and Alleghany Counties, Virginia, are preparing to gather at Muddy Run, near Warm Springs, on Thursday, February 1, to hunt down the wolf or coyote which has killed over one hundred head of sheep for the farmers along Jacksons River the past year. It is believed the varment is denning in the Rocky Spring Hollow.

Dennis Griffin of Clovelick caught the monster wild cat or bay lynx of the woods one day last week. It was forty five inches long from tip to tip, and would weigh nearly forty pounds. The books give the average length of a bay lynx at thirty six inches and its weight at twenty pounds. This big cat was caught in a steel trap, set near the boundary of the Shenandoah State Forest.

Years ago some prominent people in the world outside took to task my brother, the late Andrew Price; how come he persisted to live in this sparsely settled county, to hide under a bushel his bright light as an able lawyer and writer. In time he gave reply, expressing his sentiments in a really outstanding poem. I print it again, to show why we all like to live like Riley on Nameless Creek, where we are so happy and so poor:

The life I live, the life I prize
Seems tame to world-worn weary eyes;
Those frantic souls spurred on by
lust,
For power and place till all is dust;
They never know the sweet release
Among the purple hills of peace.

I know not what the years may hold,
My dreams may fade if I grow old,
But this I know, each golden year,
Makes home, and friends, and life
more dear.

Each year the heavens brighter
gleam,

Each year enhances field and stream.
Come with me to the mountain height
Bathed in a flood of morning light.

On every side the mountains stand,
Awful, indomitable, grand,

Yet through an all-wise Thesmothete
The wild flowers bloom about our feet
I know I gaze with raptured eye,
On scenes that once I idled by;

I envy not the potentate,
The rich, the mighty, high and great.
My books, my friends, my mountains
free,

Have been and are enough for me.

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Spencer Dayton is a tradition in Pocahontas county, and I have let the old people die off without finding out about his practice and service here in reconstruction times. Of course his family has written something about him and his ancestors tracing the line over to Old England and even running it down to Runny Meade, whatever and wherever that was. I reckon I ought not admit I am so provincial and narrow as to have small interest beyond my own Valley and State. But then doggone a man can easily take in too much territory and spread himself too thin. A man's responsibility must need have boundary lines.

In the years immediately following the war between the states, the reconstruction, there was a carpetbagger from Vermont or New Hampshire by the name of Nat Harrison. He had some prominence some what at the time for defense in the courts for money on the high seas. There was a Federal Court in New York. The Vermont young lawyer came down to clear his clients of the charges.

About fifteen years after the reconstruction, Nat Harrison came to the Circuit Court in the Shenandoah Valley. He was the best he was at the time. One item in the court record was against him having the

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7/5/10

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Some ten years after the case of Nat Harrison, some of the judges of the Circuit Court, the Honorable Judge Vane, and the Honorable Judge, he was one of the judges who held against Judge Harrison on his having the

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7/5/11

Pocahontas

Chap. 4

DR. JOHN M. YEAGER

Dr John M. Yeager aged 68 years died Sunday afternoon, April 14, 1940. For a year he had been in failing health, though up to within a few weeks of his death he had been active in his practice. The cause of his death was paralysis, but in reality this beloved physician had worn himself out in service of sick and ailing humanity.

On Tuesday afternoon his body was buried in the family plot in Mt View Cemetery. The funeral was conducted from the home in the presence of an immense throng of sorrowing friends by his pastor, Dr H. Malcom Sturm, of the Methodist Church. The pall bearers were C B. Moore, Frank King G S Callison, Kerth Nottingham, Richard Currence and Senator Fred C. Allen.

John Moody Yeager was born at Bartow, April 7 1877. He was the second son of the late Brown M. and Harriet Arbogast Yeager. Of his fathers family there remains his four brothers, Walker, Sterling, Bruce and Paul; his sisters, Mrs Brownie Gatewood and Mrs Texie Carroll.

In 1902 Dr. Yeager was united in marriage to Miss Mollie Smith, daughter of Captain A E Smith. To this union were born four children: Guy M of Amingo; L A of Franklin; Mrs Elmer Smith and Mrs W E Adlung, of Washington D. C.

Dr Yeager was graduated in medicine at Louisville, Ky. in 1901 and for 39 years has practiced his profession in Marlinton. He had a large practice, which reached to every walk of life. To rich and poor alike, his sympathizing heart went out in his passion to heal sick and broken bodies. No one will ever know the good this beloved physician did for it should be said he wore his life away and shortened his days in service to sick and suffering humanity. Blessed with a remarkable personality his circle of friends was wide for to know him was to love him.

"Know ye not that this day a great and good man has fallen"

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About fifteen years after the celebrated trial Attorney Nat Harrison turned up at Lewisburg as the Circuit Judge for the Greenbrier Valley counties. To say the least, he was an interesting character. One item in many recollections of people held against Judge Harrison was his having the

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7/5/14

THE
POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 8, 1938

You have heard how it has been said in old time: a bright young man got himself on credit a hand me down printing press and a shirt tail full of type, a bundle of paper and a daub of ink to launch a periodical on the sea of an unsuspecting public; to make an editor or become a slave in the attempt; any one or both.

Out of the reek and wrack of such hit and miss procedures there did come out of such trials by fire a brand of old hickory, self made and self sustaining newspaper men. Of many it could be said of such hardy souls they could take the biggest drinks of liquor and write the dullest editorials. However, in rare instances the flux was just right; the dross to consume, the gold to refine, for from the flames would arise, phoenix like, an editor all to the good.

Would that I could go on with descriptive tribute to such an editor whose price is far above rubies, but the above labored writing is merely preface to saying future editors of America are now being milled out in the Department of Journalism of the University of West Virginia.

The education and training of newspaper men and women should be on a level with the preparation of other leading professions. And here, too, would that I could jay off on to a piece of writing about how our University is now fulfilling its sphere by weaving strands into the warp and weft of citizenship which strengthen the fabric of our social order. This too, will have to be deferred for I have some good writing to present.

A few weeks ago I wrote a piece on the present and future of the Fourth Estate for the head of the University Department of Journalism and read the following observations and was privileged to remark, in part as follows:

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stances the charges you make are essentially true, but the best aspect is that men within the profession are taking a rather searching inventory of their journalistic stock and are not waiting for some force from outside to force and "hush" anything upon them. When the editors and publishers themselves have the intelligence and courage to look things fairly in the face and then set out to try to do something about it, we may rest assured that whatever weaknesses we may discover in our profession are likely to be remedied.

"In the journalistic scheme of things the reader is the important factor. He is king. We are all his servants. And so long as we make it clear in what we publish that we are first of all thinking of the general welfare, we are not going to get into any difficulty and are going to have plenty of staunch friends among our readers. But when we forget the reader and the general good, he has a way of curing that malady rather promptly. And all of us in the profession know exactly what his method is.

"Freedom of expression and freedom of the press are gems of priceless worth. They belong to the people, not alone to the publisher. With the news reels and the radio hesitating at times to say aloud what some are thinking, it becomes the duty of every newspaperman to see that not the slightest encroachment on the freedom is allowed. And if we play squarely and decently with our reading public, I don't think there is any power on land or sea that is going to shackle in even the smallest way the great liberty that we as newspapermen in this country have enjoyed and value almost above life. One of the best ways for us to keep that power and to withstand every onslaught of our enemies is for us to . . . take an honest look at ourselves and speak, even to ourselves, the truth that may hurt a bit."

I gets a letter the other day from a writer's project bringing the request to give some facts and figures about the Greenbank community, and some fancies in the way of a tall hunting story about Huntersville.

To consider the last item of the request first, I will here again reprint the panther killing experience of Squire James Sharp, more than a century since. The Squire was a son of William Sharp, the pioneer, who settled at Huntersville in 1773, at the age of about 30 years. His declaration for a pension in 1832, recites that he saw service in the campaign to the Indians in 1764, to bring back

of the street on of that building
closure no 2
for New Hospital
treatment of Negroes
tuberculosis The gentlemen with

ing call. Properly reinforced, Mr Sharp went back to the spot where he had fired nine times and there beheld what no hunter had seen before or since: Nine dead panthers; every shot had told with fatal effect. It appears there were seasons when these animals went in packs and this appears to have been one of those times.

Greenbank, lovely village of upper Pocahontas, is situated in the green plain like valley of the Deer Creek and its North Fork. The first settlers came there prior to the American Revolution from the Valleys of the Shenandoah, the Jackson, the Cowpasture and the South Branch of the Potomac Rivers. These settlers were mostly Scotch Irish, with some English and German names.

I have heard the name came from the grassy slope of the plateau on which the old Liberty Church and the modern high school are situated. This sunny bank greens early in spring and so the name. However, I put some dependance in the tradition the place was named for the sake of the village of Greenbank in old England. Anyway one of the early settlers was William Nottingham, a native of England, a part of whose farm is now a part of the Uriah Hevener estate. He came here just after the Revolution, and maybe he bethought himself of the village of Greenbank back home when he saw his new home surroundings.

Sometime prior to the Revolution John Warwick settled at the forks of Deer Creek on lands still occupied by his descendants. Here he built the community fort, as early as 1770 and maybe a year or two before the great rush into this valley beginning about that year. The erection of this fort in such good hunting and fishing country was exasperating to the Indians, and they were very troublesome to the settlers living within reach of the fort. On one occasion, an Indian was seen to climb a tree to reconnoitre the fort; he was located and shot by Major Jacob Warwick. Once when this fort was invested by Indians, one of the attacking party shot an arrow in to the enclosure from the top of the "Hill" where

days is the large gallery for the colored retainers of the families of the congregation. Meeting house and session room have ever been kept up in good repair and in recent years a Sunday School room has been added. Strong pastors have served this people. In the early days there were such men as Dr. Kennedy, from New Jersey; Dr. John C. Barr, later for so many years pastor of the First Church in Charleston; Dr. A. H. Hamilton, later of S. A. T. William T. Price. The ed the dedicatory service more than 50 years ago.

Greenbank is a village but it has a high school which in size and importance would be a credit to a city of five thousand people. For that matter by means of transportation and pupils it serves a wide spread population of the big Greenbank District.

Away back in 1842, General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia established the Greenbank Academy, a preparatory branch of the University of Virginia. For nearly twenty years this academy played an important part in the culture and educational development of a virile people until broken up by the war between the states.

No part of West Virginia was more thoroughly ravaged by war than Pocahontas county, and no part of the county suffered in greater degree than Greenbank. The contending forces were marching, camping, fighting and raiding through from the very beginning to almost the end with home talent bush whacking activities on the side most any time.

Greenbank was strongly southern in sympathy. The Greenbank Company, or "Mountain Rifles," when mustered in consisted of 110 men. Of these, 100 were six feet or more in height. This company was assigned to the 31st Virginia Infantry a fighting company of a fighting regiment. There were 98 casualties. They followed Jackson from McDowell on. After Jackson's death at the Wilderness, they saw Antietam, Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, around Richmond, Petersburg, and the rest. The company suffered terribly in the Bloody Angle at Spotsylvania. The

the top of the "Hill" where
Appomattox Sande not
me

stances the charges you make are essentially true, but the best aspect is that men within the profession are taking a rather enriching lesson out of their journalistic stock and are not waiting for some force from the outside to force and 'houseclean' upon them. When the editors and publishers themselves have the intelligence and courage to look things fairly in the face and then get out to try to do something about it, we may rest assured that whatever weaknesses we may discover in our profession are likely to be remedied.

"In the journalistic scheme of things the reader is the important factor. He is king. We are all his servants. And so long as we make it clear in what we publish that we are first of all thinking of the general welfare, we are not going to get into any difficulty and are going to have plenty of staunch friends among our readers. But when we forget the reader and the general good, he has a way of curing that malady rather promptly. And all of us in the profession know exactly what his method is."

"Freedom of expression and freedom of the press are gems of priceless worth. They belong to the people, not alone to the publisher. With the news reels and the radio hesitating at times to say aloud what some are thinking, it becomes the duty of every newspaperman to see that not the slightest encroachment on the freedom is allowed. And if we play squarely and decently with our reading public, I don't think there is any power on land or sea that is going to shackle in even the smallest way the great liberty that we as newspapermen in this country have enjoyed and value almost above life. One of the best ways for us to keep that power and to withstand every onslaught of our enemies is for us to . . . take an honest look at ourselves and speak, even to ourselves, the truth that may hurt a bit."

I get a letter the other day from a writer's project bringing the request to give some facts and figures about the Greenbank community, and some fancies in the way of a tall hunting story about Huntersville.

To consider the last item of the request first, I will here again reprint the panther killing experience of Equire James Sharp, more than a century since. The Equire was a son of William Sharp, the pioneer, who settled at Huntersville in 1773, at the age of about 30 years. His declaration for a pension in 1832, recites that he saw service in the campaign to the Indian towns in 1764, to bring back

Picture no. 2.
for New Hospital
Hartum, a State Ins
treatment of Negroes suffer
tuberculosis. The gentlemen with,

King calf. Properly reinforced, Mr Sharp went back to the spot where he had fired nine times and there beheld what no hunter had seen before or since: Nine dead panthers; every shot had told with fatal effect. It appears there were seasons when these animals went in packs and this appears to have been one of those times.

Greenbank, lovely village of upper Pocahontas, is situated in the green plain like valley of the Deer Creek and its North Fork. The first settlers came there prior to the American Revolution from the Valleys of the Shenandoah, the Jackson, the Cowpasture and the South Branch, of the Potomac Rivers. These settlers were mostly Scotch Irish, with some English and German names.

I have heard the name came from the grassy slope of the plateau on which the old Liberty Church and the modern high school are situated. This sunny bank greens early in spring and so the name. However, I put some dependance in the tradition the place was named for the sake of the village of Greenbank in old England. Anyway one of the early settlers was William Nottingham, a native of England, a part of whose farm is now a part of the Uriah Hevener estate. He came here just after the Revolution, and maybe he bethought himself of the village of Greenbank back home when he saw his new home surroundings.

Sometime prior to the Revolution John Warwick settled at the forks of Deer Creek on lands still occupied by his descendants. Here he built the community fort, as early as 1770 and maybe a year or two before the great rush into this valley beginning about that year. The erection of this fort in such good hunting and fishing country was exasperating to the Indians, and they were very troublesome to the settlers living within reach of the fort. On one occasion, an Indian was seen to climb a tree to reconnoitre the fort; he was located and shot by Major Jacob Warwick. Once when this fort was invested by Indians, one of the attacking party shot an arrow into the enclosure from

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the top of the mole hill where Appomattox was fought

counters dispatched with messages from General Lewis to Lord Dunmore on the march to the mouth of the Kanawha River, prior to the Battle of Point Pleasant, the fall of 1774: that he saw much service in the war for liberty, which followed. His declining years were spent at the home of his son, James, who was a Commissioner of the Court under the old arrangement when all its members were squires of their respective districts; he was high sheriff of the county and an elder in the church. He was held in esteem for his scrupulous and strict integrity. The Squire was much in the habit of hunting at the proper season, not only for the sport, but as a matter of business, for the proceeds were useful in bartering for family supplies for the comfort and sustenance of his household. While living at Huntersville he had a very sensational adventure on Buckley Mountain. It was growing late and it was near the time to set out for home. He was passing leisurely along when a panther suddenly mounted a log but a few yards in front of him. He shot the varment, but when the smoke cleared away another stood in the same place on the log. This performance was repeated nine times. When the hunter became panic stricken and flanked out for home. Some time during the night the remainder of the pack followed the trail of the hunter to his house and killed a year-

the present road forks to Camp. Is a measured distance of better than five hundred yards.

Elizabeth, aged 14 years, daughter of Thomas Galford, went on an errand to the mill. She was never seen afterwards. The searching parties found Indian sign; vain pursuit was made and the families lagged to the fort. The fort was attacked; a man named Sloan was killed, and an Indian wounded. The Indian was taken to a glade near Arbovale, and secreted. Hence the name "Hospital Run." One tradition has it the gun shot wound responded to the treatment of chewed sassafras bark and he recovered to go to his village across the Ohio. Another story is that he died and was buried. About 1800 a peaceful band of several hundred Indians came to Greenbank from the Ohio country to a visit to their old hunting and fishing country.

I have found no record as to when the community church was built, but it was along back in the 1790's or the early 1800's. Anyway it was a log structure and old when replaced by Liberty Presbyterian Church in the 1850's. The old church stood where now is the Arbovale cemetery.

In Liberty is preserved the fine simplicity of the early meeting house type of church architecture; painted white its attractiveness is doubly enhanced by its setting in a large park ed area of oak. An item of the old

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Box 11118

Inventory of Materials

MISCELLANEOUS

Topic: Biography W. Va.

Title: "The Pathfinder of the Seas" (Matthew F. Maury)

Author: Mrs. Rella F. Yeager

Status: complete

Date Submitted:

Length: 1950 words

Contents:

Editor:

Complete statement on life of "The Pathfinder of the Seas" - Matthew F. Maury. Gives description of his life in U. S. Navy; his scientific charts and volumes, "Sailing Directions"; Brussels Conference of 1853.

Source: _____

Consultant: _____

Reliability: established

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"THE PATHFINDER OF THE SEAS"

Maury 1950
C

Americans have not always acknowledged the greatness of their fellowmen. This has been characteristic of the Nation. While there are occasional movements toward recognition of the public services of some distinguished son of the Republic, there are still many who today are practically unknown by the American People. This is unfortunately true of one whom all Europe proclaimed as the "greatest American of his times" but who is not familiar to his own countrymen.

It is therefore our privilege to give the first national record in an American Historical Journal of Commander Matthew Fontaine Maury, the American who charted the winds and the currents of the Oceans; who gave to the world the new science of meteorology; who is in reality the father of the National Observatory at the seat of our National Government and who originated the great system today is known as the Weather bureau.

There is no American whose service to his generation was so great and whose life at home was spent in such seclusion; about him there was the modesty of greatness, for as an American he refused the highest scientific honors of Europe and renounced wealth, fame and even a palace as the gift of an emperor, to pass his last days in the hills of Virginia that he loved. Our beloved West Virginia shares this honor with Virginia, the Mother State.

A friend of kings, he passed away in the beautiful little town of Lexington, Virginia, within the shadow of the graves of Robert E. Lee and General Stonewall Jackson. Through the Journal of American History the life and character of this great American has just been completed.

The investigator is an authority in southern history who is intimately acquainted with those among whom Commander Matthew Fontaine Maury spent his life, and from private historical sources has prepared this record.

Though this investigation a movement has also been made for the erection of a monument to the great American, with an appropriation from the Congress of the government that he so well served.

With the beginning of the past century, on the 14th of January, 1806, only ten miles from the city of Fredericksburg in the County of Spotsylvania, Virginia, was born Matthew Fontaine Maury. He came of goodly stock, for there mingled in his nature, in equal parts, the sturdy religious life of the French Huguenots and the gallantry of the English Cavalier. On his mothers side he belonged to the distinguished Piner family of Virginia, while his name bears testimony that his paternal ancestors were of the choice Huguenots who, from the persecutions of Catholic France stretched their arms to the new world.

When Maury was only five years old, his parents went to Tennessee and settled near the present town of Franklin. There 'mid the forests of Tennessee in the days of the early settlers, before advanced civilization had built her great highways of travel or her schools of learning, there grew up the lad who was to become the "Fatherfinder of the Sea".

Few were the early educational advantages of young Maury, but an accident in his youth that seemed to disqualify him for farm life, led his father to give him an opportunity at Harpeth Academy.

The activity of his mind brought him into the special notice of his instructors and the association ripened into life long friendship.

Dr. H. Key, afterward Bishop of Tennessee, and William C. Hasbrouck, to whom Maury dedicated his work on "The Physical Geography of the Sea" were his teachers at the Academy. Maury's ambition was for a course at West Point but his parents deemed it to him. Young Maury left home without his father's blessing, for without their knowledge he sought an appointment in the Navy. In 1825 at the age of 19 years, Matthew Maury received his appointment to the United States Navy, and was assigned as midshipman on the frigate "Prandywine".

There was no Naval Academy, for it was Maury himself who first advocated

the establishment of the great government school at Annapolis.

This young aspirant for Naval honors, must needs prosecute his studies amid the trying scenes of active sea service. It at once became evident that Maury had resolved to master both the theory and practice of his profession.

His comrades of that early period relate that on the round spot of the quarter-deck, he chalked his diagrams in spherical trigonometry to enable him, when on duty pacing to and fro, to employ the precious moments in useful study. It chanced that during the first year of his service, the "Brandywine" bore LaFayette from his visit to this country.

Tradition tells us that the distinguished Marquis spoke many pleasant and encouraging words to the studious midshipman. In 1826, Maury was transferred to the sloop-of-war "Vincennes"--about to make a cruise around the world. The opportunities for study on this voyage were much to his advantage, and on his return home, he was ready for his examinations.

In 1831, he was appointed master of the sloop-of-war "Falmouth" which had been ordered to Pacific waters. He at once sought diligently for information as to the best track for his vessel, but no reliable charts for his guidance were in existence. He early realized that here was a great need to be supplied and his bold and active spirit forthwith began to grapple with the problem of ocean charts.

On this voyage he observed the curious phenomenon of the low barometer off Cape Horn, and wrote upon the subject his first scientific paper and it was at this time that he began his textbook on navigation.

At his home for a time in 1834, two important events occurred. He was married to the Anna Herndon of Fredericksburg, Virginia. From this time on we find much of his life and life woven into the history of the old 'Burg on the Rappahannock. The year that passed thus year at home, was the publication of his first book, "The Elements of Navigation", which became for many years a textbook in the United States. In every essential particular outlined by Matthew Maury.

It was as a visit from heaven with blessings to earth, and he failed not

to bring back to his people. It was on his return from the Brussels Conference to

Washington, D. C. that Maury stood clearly before the world,

"the founder of the twin sciences of hydrography and meteorology". No less a man than Alexander Van Humbolt declared him the "father of a new science", and was distinguished Baron in his 90th year wrote him a fervid letter of congratulation.

The simple De hot pot of charts and instruments entrusted to the young lieutenant became a National Observatory, with the great man of science as its superintendent. In all particulars this National Observatory under Maury, outlined and comprehended, what now at Washington is divided into four separate departments. Science has conferred no greater boon upon the world than the great ocean cables, that flash the news. It was the genius of Commander Maury that from all this dry data brought forth, these scientific deductions that revolutionized the ship sailing of the world. This took form in a series of six charts and eight large folio volumes of "Sailing Directions", that comprehended all waters in every clime where fly the white sails of civilized commerce. The charts are known as "Maury's wind and currents chart", and are styled "Track Charts," "Thermal Charts," and "Storm and Rain Charts." They exhibit with wonderful accuracy, the winds and currents, their force and direction at different seasons of the year, the temperature of the service waters, the calm belts and trade winds, the rains and the storms.

The eight volumes are of "Sailing Directions" and are brim full of the most valuable nautical information, and are treasures to every intelligent seaman. With these charts and directions, the navigator knows for each season, and in all waters where he has best chances for a swift and safe voyage. Some idea of the value of these charts can be formed from the statement that 20,000 copies of "Sailing Directions" were distributed gratuitously to the merchant vessels.

The practical result to the navigator of the revelations of this great work has been that in the most difficult of all sea-voyages, the trip around Cape Horn, the trip has been shortened, and it has been estimated that in shortening the time and lessening the expense, there has been a saving to the world's commerce of not

The accuracy of Maury's work was shown when on one occasion, the "San Francisco" with troops on board was severely damaged in an Atlantic hurricane. The helpless wreck drifted out to the sea.

The Secretary of the Navy appealed to Maury, who estimated where wind and waves acting upon a helpless wreck, would drift the vessel. With a blue pencil he marked the spot on his chart. To this spot relief was sent, and the survivors rescued.

In his "Physical Geography of the Sea", in his discussion of "Sea Routes", Maury has this to say: "So to shape the course on voyages as to make the most of winds and currents at sea, is the navigator's art. How the winds blow and the currents flow along this route is no longer a matter of opinion or subject of speculation, but a matter of certainty determined by actual observation. The winds and the weather daily encountered by hundreds who have sailed on the same voyage before him and 'the distance made good' by each from day to day, have been tabulated and arranged for the mariner; nay, his path has been literally blazed through the winds for him on the sea; mile posts have been set up on the waves, and finger-beards planted, and time tables furnished for the trackless waste."

The international character of the work soon led to an international conference. It was at Maury's instance that in 1853 the United States called the celebrated Brussels conference. It was a notable gathering of scientific men. Nearly every important nation was there represented and a systematic plan of co-operation provided. It was at this conference that Maury advocated the extension of the same system of meteorological observations to land also and thus form a weather bureau, helpful to all nations. This he continued to urge and agitate in his papers and addresses all over the world until the very close of his life. The great Signal Service and Weather Bureau, successfully operated in the world today from continent to continent and the debt is due to Maury, for the great Atlantic cable is one of the great wonders that flow from his anvil as he wrought.

The physical geography of the sea and its meteorology he founded the way to the future and laid the foundation for our majestic laws.

Master of a pure English style he sets before us the marvelous phenomena of earth and sea.

Master of a pure English style he sets before the marvelous phenomena of earth and sea and air, in thought and language that flows deep and strong, and warm and life giving like the great current of the Gulf Stream.

No American has ever received higher testimonials from foreign countries; Orders of Knighthood were bestowed upon him by the Emperor of Russia, King of Denmark, King of Portugal, King of Belgium and Emperor of France, while other countries struck gold medals in his honor. The Pope sent him a full set of all the medals struck during his pontificate and Maximilian decorated him with the "Crest of our Lady Cardalogue". By special request Alexander Von Humboldt bestowed upon him the "Humboldt Medal", struck in honor of the great Baron. It is the only duplicate of that medal in existence.

The Cambridge University of England conferred on him the degree of L.L.D. It is said that in Berlin there stands a statue to his memory. Thus Kings, to do him honor, took delight. The only civilized nation that has withheld adequate recognition of his services has been the government of the United States. All that has come to him from his own government has been the meager pay of his rank and the very.

In the Capital City where for twenty years his great brain projected influence that are blessing the whole civilized world today, and are the very honor and glory of our land, there stands no memorial of his service, no bronze or marble to tell of his greatness. There is not even a bust nor a portrait in the National Academy where his work was done.

Our nation built its National Library, from all nations and all ages were chosen names through worthy to be woven into the beautiful Mosaic of that National Literature, but while the antiquarian dug deep to find some of the names that were lost, he looked in vain for that of him who, born on our native soil and who, in the very shadow of the Capitol, became the founder of twin sciences

enlighten the mind with their wonders and shed light and blessings to the ends of the earth.

The claims of Maury for recognition at the hands of this nation do not rest upon military service, or any relation he bore, or did not bear that brought us in-
deed. It rests upon a service that saves lives and property, a service that is
one of the brightest stars that adorn the victories of peace.

Maury is one of the greatest names that adorn the history of Virginia. Do
not think the name of Maury is forgotten in his own land. It is too closely woven
into our great science ever to be lost to the world.

The Congress of Meteorology must render to the name of Maury a tribute of
recognition, as the founder of our science and the highest honor for his
contributions in every department of this science.

STATE ATTORNEYS
April 27, 1940

Nelle Y. McLaughlin
Marlinton, W. Va.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

Chapter 4- Section 4 - part b - question 1.

You asked for a socially inherent reason for the formation of a separate county. I looked through the County Records and all of the Histories of the counties of which Pocahontas had been a part and could not find the answer to this question. In desperation I went to Mr. Calvin Price and he assured me that this had never been put in print but that he could give me the reason and that I could quote him.

It seems that the people from Marlinton, Huntersville, and this section of the county had to go to Warm Springs to Court. The people from Greenbank and the upper part of the county had to go to Franklin. The people from the Elk section of the county had to go to Beverly, and those from Swago and the lower end of the county had to go to Lewisburg. Mr. Price says that the people in what is now Pocahontas County being more or less related, they just decided to form a compact county of their own with the county seat at Huntersville.

If this isn't sufficient information, let me know and perhaps I can get something more from Mr. Price, for at times he seems to be our only source of information, and he is always most kind about helping us.

D. O. K.
April 27, 1940

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The Charleston Gazette.

July 4th Tour of State's Scenic Spots Is Suggested

483-Mile Trip and 508-Mile Alternate Are Charted
By State Road Commission Information Bureau;
Camping, Picnicking Are Permitted

With a long weekend in prospect for the Fourth of July, the state road commission suggested a typical West Virginia tour yesterday for those seeking the coolness and scenic beauty of the state's highlands.

Charts 483-Mile Trip /

Mrs. Lois Ford, in one of her last acts as chief of the information department, charted a 483-mile trip that will take the traveler through historic sections of the state as well as those rich in natural beauty and developed as recreational centers.

From Charleston, Mrs. Ford suggests taking U. S. 60, the route of the historic James River and Kanawha Turnpike, which in the trip to Lewisburg passes through busy industrial sections, picturesque Gaudy Bridge, and past Hawks Nest state park and the New River canyon, with its breath-taking scenery.

Historic points on this section of the trip include Tyree Tavern, known as Halfway House, which dates beyond the revolution and was rebuilt in 1810, and the 117-year-old Old Stone House on the west slope of Big Sewell mountain.

Swimming Available At Park

At Lewisburg, the tourist is advised to turn north into U. S. 219—the Seneca Trail—through the bluegrass farmlands and past Droop Mountain Battlefield state park, here was fought one of the longest engagements of the Civil War, and Watoga State park where one may pause for a swim in the cool mountain waters of Watoga lake.

State Route 30, which intersects with 219, goes to Minnehaha Springs.

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State Route 39, which intersects with 219, goes to Minnehaha Springs, a summer recreational resort suggested as a good stop-over on the trip.

From this point, the tour goes north on Route 28—a cool, scenic drive through the heart of the Monongahela National forest—to Judy Gap where a good forest road leads to Spruce Knob, the highest point in the state. Use of U. S. 220 is then advised by Mrs. Ford to Petersburg—a drive that follows the South Branch of the Potomac for some distance and passes the Smoke Hole area, famed as a fisherman's paradise, where cabins may be rented.

Seneca Beauty Cited

For the return trip, Mrs. Ford suggests State Route 4, east and then southeast through the limestone country where mighty rocks such as 900-foot Seneca provide a scene not often witnessed by the city dweller. Seneca caverns and a new development, the Smoke Hole caverns, provide subterranean beauty surpassing the highly-advertised caves of other states.

Between Mouth of Seneca and Johns on Route 4 are Alpena and Stuart Memorial parks, where camping and picnicking are permitted, while good swimming at Stuart park is also available before the trip through the Upshur country farm lands and down the Valley of the Elk back to Charleston.

As an alternate tour of 508 miles, Mrs. Ford suggests U. S. 60 to Gauley Bridge, U. S. 19 to Summersville, State 39 to Richwood, State 20 to H. Shannon, State 4 to Petersburg, U. S. 220 to Mount Storm, U. S. 219 to French Creek, U. S. 219 to the Holley River and the French Creek

the historic James River and Kanawha Turnpike, which in the trip to Lewisburg passes through busy industrial sections, picturesque Gaulty Bridge, and past Hawks Nest state park and the New River canyon, with its breath-taking scenery.

Historic points on this section of the trip include Tyree Tavern, known as Halfway House, which dates beyond the revolution and was rebuilt in 1810, and the 117-year-old Old Stone House on the west slope of Big Sewell mountain.

Swimming Available At Park

At Lewisburg, the tourist is advised to turn north into U. S. 219—the Seneca Trail—through the bluegrass farmlands and past Droop Mountain Battlefield state park, where was fought one of the longest engagements of the Civil war, and Watoga State park where one may pause for a swim in the cool mountain waters of Watoga lake.

State Route 39, which intersects with 219, goes to Minnehaha Springs, a summer recreational resort suggested as a good stop-over on the trip.

From this point, the tour goes north on Route 28—a cool, scenic drive through the heart of the Monongahela National forest—to Judy Gap where a good forest road leads to Spruce Knob, the highest point in the state. Use of U. S. 220 is then advised by Mrs. Ford to Petersburg—a drive that follows the South Branch of the Potomac for some distance and passes the Smoke Hole area, famed as a fisherman's paradise, where cabins may be rented.

Seneca Beauty Cited

For the return trip, Mrs. Ford suggests State Route 4, east and then southeast through the limestone country where mighty rocks such as 900-foot Seneca provide a scene not often witnessed by the city dweller. Seneca caverns and a new development, the Smoke Hole caverns, provide subterranean beauty surpassing the highly-advertised caves of other states. No Between Mouth of Seneca and Rhine on Route 4 are Alpena and Stuart Memorial parks, where camping and picnicking are permitted, while good swimming at Stuart park is also available before the trip through the Upshur country farmlands and down the Valley of the Elk back to Charleston.

As an alternate tour of 508 miles, Mrs. Ford suggests U. S. 60 to Gaulty Bridge U. S. 19 to Summersville State 39 to Richwood, State 20 to H. Lochman, State 4 to Petersburg, State 52 to Mount Storm U. S. 20 to Red House U. S. 219 to Martinsburg and State 4 to Charleston—the park at the end of the Valley River and the park at the end of Rich Creek.

STATE ATTRACTIONS

Proclamation

Inventory of Materials

Topic: Flora E. Va.

Title:

Letter from the
Clarkburg Exponent

Editor:

Anna Woodland

9-8-58

Date Submitted:

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Letter from Clarkburg Exponent Sept 8, 1958

Page

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I

I
I

Page

Page

STATE ATTRACTIONS

Production

Inventory of Materials

Topic: Flora E. Va.

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Article from Washington Herald Sept 8, 1928

Notes

I
I

I
I

Oct. 1, 1928

Oct. 1, 1928

STATE ATTRACTIONS

For Mrs Graham

From Washington Exponent Sept 8, 1938
(Today)

Am:

Richmond, Sept. 7.

Plants from the famous Cranberry Glades
are identified by experts of the Smithsonian
National Museum as a recruit of a new
variety by Dr. Paul Bartsch, head curator of the
institution and chief of the Department of
Botany at George Washington University. Dr.
Bartsch & Dr. T. Carter, also of Washington, are
the guests of Mrs Billie Eaton, here.

"Not since moss in Labrador have we
seen a sight as Cranberry Glades," Dr. Bartsch
aid. "The reindeer moss is a mystery
as to how it grows here and from whence it
comes. In the far north there is no doubt
it, but why it should be in this particular
spot in Va. is beyond me."

STATE ATTRACTIONS

~~The 11th Edition~~

From Blackburg Exponent Sept 8, 1938
(Today)

Am:

Richmond, Sept. 7.

Plants from the famous Cranberry Glades
have been identified by experts of the Smithsonian
National Museum as a recruit of a new
variety by Dr. Paul Bartsch, head curator of the
institution and chief of the Department of
Botany at George Washington University, Wash., D.C.
Bartsch & Dr. T. C. Carter, also of Washington, are
the guests of Mrs. Billie Eaton, here.

"Not since mosses in Labrador have been
found as light as Cranberry Glades," Dr. Bartsch
aid. "The reindeer moss is a mystery
as to how it grows here and from whence it
comes. In the far north there is no doubt
it, but why it should be in this particular
spot in Va. is beyond me."

Richard, Dist. T.
Bark from the famous Cranberry
collected by experts of the Smithsonian
Museum as a result of a search
by Dr. Carl Bartsch, head curator of the
institution and chief of the Department of
Botany at George Washington University. Richard
Bartsch & Dr. T. Carter, also of Washington
are guests of Miss Billie Eaton, here.
"It is since I was in Labrador have seen
such a sight as Cranberry blades," Dr. Bartsch
said. "The reindeer moss is a mystery
as to how it grows here and from whence it
comes. In the far north there is an abundance
of it, but why it should be in this particular
spot in N. H. is beyond me."

The girder, high meadows in the
mountain about 35 miles from here, has
many plant experts. They discuss
the "life" of plant life.

Logan - Webster Co.
about 20 yr. ago
many more
The

Richard, Sept. 7.
Plants from the famous Cranberry bog
collected by experts of the Smithsonian
Museum as a result of a survey
by Dr. Carl Bartsch, head curator of the
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"It is since moss in Labrador has been
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said. "The reindeer moss is a mystery
as to how it grows here and from whence it
comes. In the far north there is an abundance
of it, but why it should be in this particular
spot in N. H. is beyond me."

The dried, high meadows in the
vicinity of about 35 miles from here, has
many plant experts. They do not
know the "life" of plant life.

Logan - Webster Co.

Sept. 20, 1900

Dear Mr. Eaton

I am very sorry to hear

of your illness.

Very truly yours

John H. ...

a Bull, near Arroyo de Naranjo
a tradition that an Indian
wounded in the fight at Crab
camped on the run while re-
fugee there. The acacias leaves
are used by Indians for gun
wounds afterwards found at this

Caesar Mountain Overlooking the
Lakes of Potomac County, and a
part of Droop Mountain Battlefield
is called and named by Henry
May at the beginning of the
four century. Press Historical
Society page 110. Messinbird was a
man of mystery who seemed to be
well educated a classical scholar;
hence the name, possibly. At his
death he freed his slaves, of whom
there were many. He left Caesar one
son and to Vina another

... took Tributary to the
 ... of ... below
 ... of Indian origin,
 ... declaration
 ... of the early days
 ... by the Indian
 ... 1835
 ... of ...
 ... of ...
 ... of ...

1. The first step is to identify the key components of the system. This includes understanding the hardware, software, and data involved.

2. The second step is to define the requirements for the system. This involves determining what the system needs to do and what it must be able to handle.

3. The third step is to design the system. This includes creating a detailed plan for how the system will be built and how it will be tested.

4. The fourth step is to implement the system. This involves building the system according to the design and testing it to ensure it works as intended.

5. The fifth step is to maintain the system. This involves keeping the system up-to-date and ensuring it continues to work properly over time.

... ..

Onto Near by, was so named upon the establishment of the post office there about forty years ago for a priestess of Japan. I do not now recall whether it was her given or her sur name.

On the head of Swago creek there is a "Natural Bridge" formed by a stratum of the flint-stone, about forty feet in length and fifteen feet high, under which the stream flows. This bridge is in a very rugged country in the forest.

Ridgeway A lumber settlement on Stamping Creek near Mill Point developed by John Ridgeway, lumber man. The mill is gone but a settlement remains. Stamping Creek is turbulent to contain stream which "breaks" with devastating force. It is feared for a possible mill fire, for a mill on overshoot will start a fire. Stamping Creek near by was the stamping ground for the buffalo.

Sugar Creek. Tributary to Wil-
son River in the Muscogee-Na-
vaho. Named for the great
mass of the trees of the sugar maple

For the first time, the city of New York has a mayor who is a woman. The city of New York has a mayor who is a woman. The city of New York has a mayor who is a woman.

... ..

William Clark named for the first settler, Komer Stillington (see sketches, page 235) who settled at Dunmore on this creek. Robert Stillington was the grandfather of Jacob Warwick, (1740-1828) my grandfather three removes, who was a noted land owner and Indian scout in Pocahontas and Bath counties. He resided at different times on Jackson River near Warm Springs and at Clover Lick on Clover Creek and Greenbrier River.

Dunmore, on Sittlingtons creek was undoubtedly named for Lord Dunmore the last Colonial Governor of Virginia. After the Revolution, because of personal unpopularity of the memory of Governor Dunmore repeat moves were made to change the name, but it has persisted none the less. In later years two citizens of the name of Dunn and Moore claimed that the name was coined from their joint names, and Price so states in history of the county. However the place was known as Dunmore in pre-Revolutionary times, being the site of Jacob Warlick's Fort on or near by Deer Creek.

Price Run. Enters Greenbrier River at Marlinton, west side; also Price Hill in the same locality. Home of the Price family. The original Lewis Survey (1751) acquired by Jacob Warwick and settled by his daughter Nancy and her husband Major William T Foage about 1790. The survey, 640 acres comprised the whole of the site of the present county seat, Marlinton. William Thomas Price author of Prices Historical Sketches of Pocahontas County, born here July 19, 1830, and died at the place where he was born January 15, 1921, aged ninety years. The Hill and stream named for the Price Place is now occupied in part by myself.

1-10-1885 County
A. G. S. - By Dr. N. R.

Red-ear A. G. S. Nam
a tradition that an Indian
wounded in the fight at Crab
camped on the run while re-
covered of his wounds leaves
the feathers of vasafras leaves
to be used by Indians for gun
wounds afterwards found at this

Situated on high exposed
and referring to a good locality.
of a village and postoffice

Lower A. G. S. town and post
office on Greenbrier River, started
about 1840 by a Mr. Dennison, who
came from Hagerstown, Maryland.
The name formed from the first syl-
lable of Dennison and Maryland. Den-
nison. Now the site for the State tu-
berculosis sanitarium for colored
people

Caesar Mountain Overlooking the
Lower of Pocahontas County, and a
part of Deep Mountain Battlefield
historically named by Henry
Woods at the beginning of the
Civil War. Prices Historical
Sketches page 110. Henshild was a
man of letters who seemed to be
well educated, a classical scholar;
hence the name possibly. At his
death he left a son, of whom
nothing is known. He left Caesar one
son and to Vina another
son.

Billings Creek Named for the
first settler, Robert Billings
who first settled on the banks of Hill's Creek
where as descendants live in the
county

Swago Creek Tributary to the
Greenbrier River, below
Marlinton. Word of Indian origin,
meaning a place of great
abundance. There are many days
when the water is so high that
the bottom is covered by the water.
The name is said to be a pro-
duction of the Indians for artifacts
found there.

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the bottom is covered by the water.
The name is said to be a pro-
duction of the Indians for artifacts
found there.

Elroy. About one hundred years
ago the name given to the postoffice,
from the Bible city Elral, meaning
powerful "a place surrounded". That
it is most aptly named will be realiz-
ed by a look from the Elk Mountain
road.

Onoto Near by, was so named
upon the establishment of the post
office there about forty years ago for a
mistress of Japan. I do not now recall
whether it was her given or her sur-
name.

Numerous small creeks and runs in
Pocahontas county, such as Span Oak
Run, Cup Run etc., named from
some natural phenomena such as a
leaning tree used as a foot bridge, or
a hollowed stone, which may have
disappeared

On the head of Swago creek there is
a "Natural Bridge" formed by a
stratum of the limestone, about forty
feet in length and fifteen feet high,
under which the stream flows. This
bridge in a very rugged country, in
the forest

Sunday Lick Run and Monday
Lick Run about half mile apart and
two miles below Marlinton, tribu-
tary to Greenbrier River in the east
side near the mouth of Swago Creek.
In pioneer days deer licks were fre-
quented on these streams and fanciful
names given by hunters. There is a
tradition that once a hunter killed a
deer on Sunday at one of these licks;
Sunday hunting was frowned upon
by the early settlers, and the name
given as an enduring proof. Len-
day Licks, between Sunday and Mon-
day licks, from Len Monday, pioneer
hunter.

Raintown A lumber settlement
on Sampling Creek near Mill Point
developed by John Raine, lumber
man. The mill is gone but a settle-
ment remains. Sampling Creek a
tributary to main stream which
flows with reverberations. Mr.
Raine named for a pond on mill g-
rade, the mill an overshoot wheel
still remains. Sampling Creek was
by was the stamping ground for the
lumber

Swago Creek, Tributary to Wil-
son's River in the Monongahela Na-
tional Forest. Named for the pro-
duce of the trees of the sugar maple

Swago Creek Also tributary to Wil-
son's River. A clear stream flowing
through a dense spruce forest. The
stream is made on stone from
the forest to its head on a hill
A small stream
which flows into the main stream

Stillington Creek Named for the
first settler, Robert Stillington
(see sketch, page 235) who set-
tled at Dunmore on this creek. Rob-
ert Stillington was the stepfather of
Jacob Warwick (1740-1826) my
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He resided at different times on Jack-
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stream named for the Price Place is
now occupied in part by myself.

1-10-1885

2/28/85

STATE ATTRACTIONS CITED BY BIAS IN ADDRESS TO CLUB

West Virginia Leads in Percent-
age of Native-Born White
Population

RESIDENTS WIN WORLD FAME

First Battles of Revolution and
Civil War Fought in Borders
—Leads in Glass Output

An historical sketch of West Virginia, including each progressive step from the time of Virginia's secession during the Civil war, was given by B. Randolph Bias, Williamson attorney, before an unusually large audience of members and guests of the Huntington Woman's club at the monthly general meeting this afternoon at 2.30 o'clock in the club house.

Mrs. Karl C. Prichard, president of the club, presided at the meeting and the program was sponsored by the Civics department, of which Mrs. Douglas W. Brown is chairman. The business session was omitted in order to give Mr. Bias time for his address, "West Virginia," which has received widespread notice in the state.

Mr. Bias is a prominent attorney in Washington, being former assistant prosecuting attorney of Mingo county and former president of the West Virginia State Bar association. His address this afternoon, in part,

West Virginia was born of the Civil war because that part of Virginia which now constitutes West Virginia was loyal to the Union and refused to secede.

Descendants From Colonists

The mountains have twenty-five hundred square miles of area and a half of the best

line railroad companies their general counsel, Cornwell to Baltimore & Ohio; Fitzpatrick to the Chesapeake & Ohio and Knight to the Virginian.

"Julia Pierpont, who established 'Memorial Day,' was a West Virginian, as was Ann Jaryis, who founded 'Mother's Day.' Alexander Wade, father of the graded school system, was a West Virginian, as was Alexander Campbell, founder of a great church."

"To literature, poetry and history we have furnished such people as David B. Strohmer, known in Civil war times as Port Grayson; Daniel B. Lucas and his sister, Virginia Lucas, Fannie Kemble Johnson, Dr. John P. Hale, Governor George W. Atkinson, Governor William A. McCorkle, William S. Edwards, Virgil A. Lewis, William Henry Foote, Hugh Maxwell, Bishop George W. Peterkins and Dr. James Monroe Callaghan."

"Thomas Dunn English was a resident of Logan county when he wrote that immortal ballad, 'Ben Bolt.'"

"Leslie Thrasher, one of America's best known artists and illustrators, is also a West Virginian."

"The rural free delivery mail system was originated by Hon. W. L. Wilson, a West Virginian, who was postmaster general under President Cleveland."

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"Its fifty-five counties have twenty-five thousand square miles of area and a million and a half of the best people on earth.

"Its people are honest, truthful, industrious, law-abiding and God-fearing. Largely descended from the colonists of Virginia, eighty-nine and nine-tenths per cent of them are native-born whites.

"Including the time before Virginia was dismembered, the two Virginias gave to history John Smith, Pocahontas, Jamestown, Yorktown and Appomattox; the Declaration of Independence; the fathers of the Constitution; Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Madison, Monroe, Henry, Mason, the Randolphs, the Lees and more presidents than any other state has given to the Union.

"Except for certain of the original thirteen colonies there are more graves of soldiers of the Revolution in West Virginia than in any other state.

"One county in West Virginia (Berkeley) gave to our cause in the Revolution five of its generals, including General Gates, Charles Lee and Alexander Stevens.

"The first battle of the Revolution (Point Pleasant) was fought on West Virginia soil as was the last battle, at Fort Henry.

First In War

"The first battle of the Civil war was fought at Philippi; the first Union soldier killed in the Civil war was a West Virginian; the Paul Revere of the Spanish American war, the man who carried the message to General Major Andrew Summers was a West Virginian; the first of the flagship New York was a West Virginian; the first to make the first shot of the Boxer rebellion was a West Virginian; and a West Virginian was first of the Allies to enter the World war.

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"A West Virginian now is the head of the American army. A West Virginian is at the head of our national air service and a West Virginian was, in 1924, the nominee for president of the United States.

Streams For Power

"We have, today, eight thousand public schools, fourteen thousand teachers and spend for them, twenty-five million dollars. We have more than two hundred high schools today while in 1870 we had none. We employ fifteen hundred high school teachers and have more than twenty-five thousand high school students.

"When West Virginia university was established sixty years ago, it had a president, four instructors, and property valued at fifty thousand dollars. Today it has two hundred instructors and property worth more than two million dollars.

"West Virginia has water power furnishing almost inexhaustible possibilities. We have coal enough to supply the world with fuel for a century and uncut timber on our hills sufficient to last for a long time.

"We have produced oil of the highest grade and gas enough to supply several adjoining states. Annually we produce forty per cent of the total production of gas in the country leading all states.

"The largest conical mound, built by a prehistoric race, is located at Moundsville. It is seventy-five feet high and its circumference at its base is 800 feet.

"The first brick paved street in the world was laid in Charleston W. Va.

"We have the largest number of people per square mile in the United States.

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David B. Strother, known in Civil war times as Port Grayson; Daniel B. Lucas and his sister, Virginia Lucas, Fannie Kemble Johnson, Dr. John P. Hale, Governor George W. Atkinson, Governor William A. McCorkle, William S. Edwards, Virgil A. Lewis, William Henry Foote, Hugh Maxwell, Bishop George W. Peterkins and Dr. James Monroe Callaghan.

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"The first brick paved street in the world was laid in Charleston in 1870.

"West Virginia produces more glass than any other state on earth and has the largest glass works in the world.

"We have the greatest natural beauty in the world.

"We have the greatest natural beauty in the world. We have the greatest natural beauty in the world. We have the greatest natural beauty in the world.

Virginian was first of the Allies to reach the Rhine in the World war (Captain Ward Lanham)

"To the Union it gave its loyalty and itself; to the Confederacy it gave Stonewall Jackson.

"West Virginia has given to the Methodist Episcopal church five of its greatest bishops, that "Father of Methodism West of the Mississippi," Andrew Monroe; and its greatest woman missionary to Alaska, Mary McFarland; to the Baptist church, the "Spurgeon of America," John W. Carter.

"To invention West Virginia gave James Ramsey, who built the first boat propelled by steam ten years before Fulton fulfilled his dream, and Michael J. Owen, who designed the bottle-making machine and sheet-glass drawing apparatus.

Great Athletes

"To literature West Virginia gave Melville Davison Post, Henry Syndor Harrison, John Esten Cook, Rebecca Harding Davis, the mother of the more distinguished Richard Harding Davis, Margaret Prescott Montague, Herbert Quick and Waltman T. Barbe.

"To athletics and sports, the state has contributed Jack Dempsey, "Hurry Up" Yost, America's greatest football coach, and Ira Errett Rodgers, considered the greatest fullback ever on the football field.

"At the Olympic games in Paris in 1924 when the United States competed in various track and field events with practically all the nations on earth, winning a total of 255 points, Miss Martha Norellus, a 16-year-old West Virginia girl, of White Sulphur Springs, won the world championship in swimming making the 400 meter free-style swim in six minutes, two and a half seconds.

"West Virginia gave to California James Farley, a United States senator; to Iowa, the greatest senator she ever had, Jonathan F. Dolliver; to Ohio, four of her greatest governors; and to Alabama, Kansas, Maryland, and North Dakota each a governor; to Tennessee her greatest jurist, Felix Grundy; to Oregon, a great chief justice, Jesse Thornton, and John Stevenson who founded the City of Portland.

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"West Virginia produces more glass than any state on earth and has eighteen of the largest factories in the world.

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Pocahontas

Chapter 4

MEHALA MORAN McNEIL

Mrs. Mehala Caroline Moran McNeil, aged 77 years, died February 2, 1940, at her home on Swago. Though her health had been failing for some time her death was unexpected. On Sunday afternoon her body was buried in the family plot in the Buckley cemetery; the service was conducted from the Swago church by Rev. J C Wool.

Mrs McNeil was a daughter of the late John C. and Mary LaRue Moran. She was born in Grayson county, Va. She came with her parents to Pocahontas county in 1886. Of her father's family there remains her three sisters, Mrs Matilda Auldridge of Buckeye, Mrs Lydia Slayton of Huntersville and Mrs Annie Collins of Charleston.

On December 15, 1887, she became the wife of the late Charles L. McNeil, who died about 20 years ago. To this union three children were born—John, at home; Bennett of Vanderpool, Va., and Mrs Mary P. Turner, of Trinity, Texas.

MRS LELIA BURR MOORE

Mrs. Lelia Burr Moore, aged sixty three years, wife of E N Moore of Dunmore, died of a heart attack on Thursday, February 1, 1940. The funeral service was held from the Dunmore church on Saturday morning by her pastor, Rev. Quade Arbogast, assisted by Rev. A B Williford. Burial in Riverview cemetery, Ronceverte, Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Moore was a daughter of the late J Austin and Miriam Hannah Burr, of Ronceverte. Her brothers are Leland, of Ravenswood, Leslie, of Birmingham, Alabama; Harry, of Detroit, Michigan; Joe of Charleston; Rev. Quinn Burr, of Roanoke, Va. Her sisters are Mrs Samuel Myers of Corvallis, Washington, and Mrs H F. Jamison of Centerville, Ala.

She is survived by her husband and their two children, Eloise and Ernest N Moore, Jr.

— J. Linton R. Moore C
2/8/40

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Pocahontas

Chapter 4

Dear Cousin Calvin:

Your paper will soon be turned in to a geneological magazine.

In reference to the inquiry of Mr. Preble about John Casey Harness, I think he was a great grandson of Michael and Elizabeth Westfall Harness; 1700 1784. Their eldest son, Captain John, born 1725, died 1810, married Eunice Pettice, daughter of Ebenezer Pettice, of Pennsylvania. Their sixth child, George, married Rebecca Casey. They had children but I do not know of any other than George who married Sally McNeill; Captain Jack who married Anne McNeill; John, Jr., (Casey?) who married Jane Walton in 1825; Annie who married Jacob VanMeter; Jane Alice who married George Cunningham; Catherine who married Isaac Cunningham.

John and Jane Walton Harness had C. E.; Daniel, Henry, George, Wm. Wirt, 1831-1908; who married Mary A. Porterfield; Mastin, and Elizabeth, who married Bussan McMeacham.

George and Sallie McNeill Harness had Molly, who married Jack Williams; Ann Rebecca who married James Kuykendall.

There is a wonderful mixture of kin in this family. They all came from that garden spot of America in the South Branch Valley of the Potomac.

Beside the child John, old Michael and Elizabeth Westfall Harness had Elizabeth, 1727 1804, married Phillip P. Yoakum; Barbara, married Michael See; he died in 1794. They were the parents of Adam See, born September 19 1764, who married Margaret, daughter of Major Jacob and Mary Vance Warwick, of Pocahontas County. He and his brother, Michael, Jr., came from Hardy County to Randolph County about 1790.

Margaretta Harntes married Andrew Trumbo and migrated to Kentucky. See Shane's Virginia and the Preston Papers, Wisconsin University.

Dorothy Harness married Samuel Harntes and went to Kentucky. See paper above.

Adam Harness was killed by the Indians while cutting hay in Butter-run Flats, now Hater, County, about 1745 to 1750.

Leonard married a Miss Hatch, and some say, went to Indiana. This family had a noted ranchman, known as Colonel Harness, who formerly lived at Ponca City, Oklahoma.

Peter Harness married Susan Jossop. They had a child; mother and child were killed by Indians.

James married Loretta. His first wife was a Potomac. Their children, Mary, A. married George, Peter, Kuykendall.

Jacob's second wife was Lizzie R. abough. Their son was Conrad, who married Elizabeth Tucker. Jacob, when an old man, left most of his estate to his son Conrad. The daughters objected, so Conrad gave them the estate. In 1833 he made up a big caravan and set out for Missouri. There he found fine lands. He took his wagon train from the South Branch and went by way of Kentucky. There the family visited a month or six weeks with their kin who had gone there before. The train was so large it took a week to cross the Mississippi River. Carl Harness, of Los Angeles, California, who married Lillian, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Austin, formerly of Pocahontas County, is a great grandson of the aristocratic Conrad, of Missouri.

Conrad, son of old Michael, married Mary Yoakum. He and his family were killed by the Indians. Returning home from church where his infant had been baptized (by sprinkling, says Rev. Shane.) an Indian stepped from the woods. He took by the bridle the horse on which Mrs. Harness rode, brandishing his tomahawk. Conrad came to the rescue of his wife, and the Indian killed them all.

George, 1739 1823, married Elizabeth Yoakum. They had children, among whom were Elizabeth who married Jack Hutton. Mrs. E. F. Crummell, 1873 Hillside Road, E. Cleveland, Ohio, is a descendant.

Michael Harness, Jr., married Catherine Van Meter.

These people pioneered what is now Hardy County. Elizabeth Westfall Harness is said by Van Meter in his History of the Van Meter family, to have been the first white woman to have set foot in this part of Virginia.

Georgianne Dunlap Arnold,
(Mrs E. C. Arnold)
300 West 8th Street,
Roswell, New Mexico.

- Pocahontas Times

1/4/40

Pocahontas

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- Pocahontas Times

1/4/40

:- DIED :-

DR. JOHN M. YEAGER

Dr John M. Yeager aged 63 years died Sunday afternoon, April 14, 1940. For a year he had been in failing health, though up to within a few weeks of his death he had been active in his practice. The cause of his death was paralysis, but in reality this beloved physician had worn himself out in service of sick and ailing humanity.

On Tuesday afternoon his body was buried in the family plot in Mt View Cemetery. The funeral was conducted from the home in the presence of an immense throng of sorrowing friends by his pastor, Dr H. Malcom Sturm, of the Methodist Church. The pall bearers were C B. Moore, Frank King, G S Callison, Kerth Nottingham, Richard Currence and Senator Fred C. Allen.

John Moody Yeager was born at Bartow, April 7 1877. He was the second son of the late Brown M. and Harriet Arbogast Yeager. Of his fathers family there remains his four brothers, Walker, Sterling, Bruce and Paul; his sisters, Mrs Brownie Gatewood and Mrs Texie Carroll.

In 1902 Dr. Yeager was united in marriage to Miss Mollie Smith, daughter of Captain A E Smith. To this union were born four children: Guy M of Amingo; L A of Franklin; Mrs Elmer Smith and Mrs W E Adlung, of Washington D. C.

Dr Yeager was graduated in medicine at Louisville, Ky. in 1901 and for 39 years has practiced his profession in Marlinton. He had a large practice, which reached to every walk of life. To rich and poor alike, his sympathizing heart went out in his passion to heal sick and broken bodies. No one will ever know the good this beloved physician did for it should be said he wore his life away and shortened his days in service to sick and suffering humanity. Blessed with a remarkable personality his circle of friends was wide for to know him was to love him.

"Know ye not that this day a great and good man has fallen"

MRS. NAOMI VanREENAN

Mrs. Naomi VanReenan was born August 20, 1872 and departed this life at her home on Stony Creek on Sunday, April 7, 1940 aged 67 years 7 months and 18 days, following an illness of six weeks of influenza and complications. Everything that loving hands could do was done for her but God knew best and called her to her eternal reward. She bore her suffering with patience and was resigned to His will who doeth all things well.

Mrs. VanReenan was the only daughter of Francis M. and Rachel Galford McCoy. On December 21, 1892, she was united in marriage to William M. VanReenan who preceded her to the grave six years ago. To this union were born 12 children, all of whom survive their mother: Mrs. Miri Tyler, Mrs. Lee S Barlow, Bernard, Lonnie, Gilpert and Porter VanReenan of Marlinton; Dr. A. C. VanReenan of Bluefield; Forrest VanReenan of Warren Ohio; Myrtle VanReenan of Huntington, Hubert, Jane and Carl VanReenan at home. She is also survived by her brother, A. C. McCoy of Renfrow, Oklahoma, and 26 grandchildren besides a host of relatives and friends.

The funeral was conducted on Wednesday afternoon, from the West Union Church, by her pastor, Rev. R. H. Skaggs, assisted by Dr Malcom Sturm of the Marlinton Methodist Church, and she was tenderly laid to rest beside her husband in the Cochran Cemetery on Stony Creek.

The esteem in which Mrs VanReenan was held was attested to by the large concourse of friends who attended the last rites, also by the beautiful floral offering. The flower girls were: Mrs. Vance Livingston, Mrs Clarence Kellison, Mrs. Porter Sharp, Mrs Allen Sharp, Mrs Roy Dever, Mrs Eugene Simmons, Mrs. Harry Keene, Mrs. Ralph Elliott; Misses Annas Cole, Ethel Barlow, Betty Clay Sharp, Elizabeth Cochran, Norma June and Lucy Clair Kellison.

The pall bearers were: Ralph Dille, Preston Duncan, Porter Sharp, Neal, Clawson and Jesse Beverage.

Mrs. VanReenan had been a loyal member of the West Union Methodist Church for many years, having been converted in early life, and she lived a consistent Christian life, loved by all who knew her. She was ever a devoted wife and mother, a good neighbor and friend.

